

# CAVALCADE

*July 1/3*



The moon  
made them kill  
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Her name was Calamity  
Page 20

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# Cavalcade

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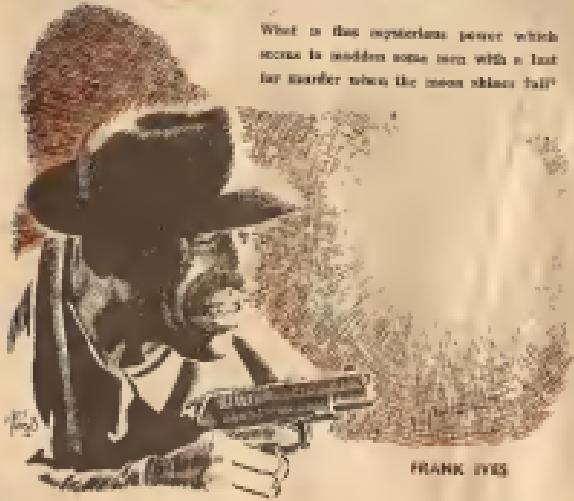
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# the moon made them kill



FRANK EYRS

I UNDRESSED and remembered going to sleep. Sometimes I counted sheep for long and late I would get up and walk around. Last night I felt like that. I got up and went out into the street. The moon was bright.

I must have walked down Hampton Street. I know Mrs. Ashton, the widow. I know her house . . . I don't know what came over me. I don't even know why I was in the street. All I remember is that the moon was shining . . . such a bright, full moon.

For a time I felt that as though I was going off in a drowsy feeling. I can't tell you what the feeling is like. It is a very, very strange feeling . . . When I came to Mrs. Ashton's collar, I went in. I can remember then, I went upstairs. Something came over me then and I must have gone for Mrs. Ashton, taking up all my strength quickly. She was lying in bed. I went for her throat . . . I put a pillow over her head and then went off into a daze. When I came around, I found I was lying

on the bed. A dull grey light was coming through the windows. The moon was gone . . .

\* \* \*

In these woods, according to the police of Birmingham, England, 11-year-old Alice Wicksom confided to the murder of Mrs. Ivy Ashton back in March of 1929. Wicksom, a boy's assistant, had been picked up the morning after Mrs. Ashton's death. His face was found to be badly scratched, apparently the work of sharp instruments. Under questioning by police, he not only made the above confession, but the following one as well:

\* \* \*

"You remember Mrs. Mills who used to live in Hampton Street. I did her, too. I spared her much. I want to tell you about it. I will feel much happier when everything is cleared up.

"I know Mrs. Mills was a widow, too. I had a widow's curse. The moon was out, the same as last night when I did Mrs. Ashton. She did not struggle any harder than Mrs. Ashton, either. I lay on the bed and went to sleep again . . ."

These two weird confessions seemed to deal with rather routine murders—at first glance. A killer entered the house of a widow. The woman was lying in bed, with the yellowish beams of a bright full moon splashing hypnotic patterns of light about the tree-filled bedroom. The killer struck at the woman, grabbed her throat, choked the life out of her body—and that was that.

But—unless a routine case—this killer apparently had no motive for his crime. He didn't know why he killed his victims.

The only memory that really stood out strongly in the mind about these

two horror-ridden victims, was that, on each occasion, there had been a bright, full moon.

The naturally set the older people of Birmingham to thinking about these confessions had told them long, long ago. Tales of how the light of a full moon can drive a man crazy. Tales of the strong strange, inexplicable things that have been known to happen on nights when a full moon rode high in the sky.

Was the moon to blame? Modern scientists are just beginning to realize it might not be an explanatory consideration, as it sounds.

Every police officer will tell you that a full moon spells trouble.

Peopleまるまる are extra alert on nights when the moon is full. Warden T. Clinton Duffy of Alcatraz recently wrote that he is always apprehensive on bright moonlit nights. A full moon, he says, invariably causes mischief. It is then that the unstable prisoner is most likely to do his paces.

Such things sometimes happen on other nights, of course. But on nights of the full moon they are almost predictable.

Just as statistics show that most assassinations are their fires on nights when the moon is full, so they also show that a high percentage of murderers have committed their violent deeds while under the same lunar influence.

During the notorious Snyder-Clay trial in U.S., in the mid-twenties, it was said that Ruth Snyder, who helped murder her husband, had acted under the strange and mysterious influence of a full moon.

At the trial of Albert Fish, there was a great deal of talk concerning about the relationship between full moon and madness. The lawyer for Fish brought out a *World Almanac* to prove that, when his client had

brutally killed and eaten pretty. (By the way) Once Bush, he had been under the baneful influence of the Moon. But Bush went to the shark.

The killer of Duck Island lived somewhat better. Duck Island is a lonely wasteland along the Delaware River in New Jersey. Its isolation makes it an ideal spot for making love—and committing murder.

On the night of November 8, 1953, Mary Mysorewicz, 18, and Vincent Tassilo, 21, were sitting in a parked car on Duck Island. Despite the fact that the full moon shed plenty of light, they were so exercised in each other that they failed to see a man creeping toward the car.

Suddenly the door was flung open, a shotgun rang out, and a demented kind of butchery killed Vincent at pointblank range. Young Mary ran screaming from the car, but another blast of buckshot in her chest, stopped her short in her tracks. By the time aid arrived the killer was gone, and Mary died before she could give any helpful clues.

On the night of September 10, 1956, there was another full moon over Duck Island. Frank Kasper and Mrs. Katherine Werner took a ride out that way—and a grisly friend found their bodies next day.

About three months later, Howard Wilson, 18, and his girl friend were parked in the same region when a man with a shotgun ran up to their car. Wilson started the motor, but was blasted by the gun before he could get the car moving. His girl, however, grabbed the wheel and barely tried to run the killer down, but he got away. Then she raced to the hospital with Vincent, whose right arm was almost blown off.

Lawson still continued to park on Duck Island—and in the light of the full moon, too. On November 12, 1958, Mrs. Carolina Marconi, 21, and

Laura Kovacs, 21, pulled their car into a secluded spot in the region. The next day they were both found shot to death.

It was several years before the full moon魔魔 struck again. The last victims were John Testa and his girl. Testa got shot in the shoulder, but his girl began running away. The killer ran after her, trying to beat her to death with his gun butt. It broke, and the girl escaped.

The following day police found part of the shotgun. On it was a serial number that led to the arrest of Clarence Hill, 31. Hill was a model father, a Sunday School superintendent, and, to everyone who knew him, a fine, likable citizen. But there was something about the full moon, apparently, that gave him an uncontrollable urge to kill.

Hill was sentenced to life. Sometimes, although a moon-mad killer might strike again and again, the law still fails to run him down. Such was the case of the blood man with the high-pitched voice, who went through three different U.S. states, killing other strangers.

The only thing common to all his victims was that each was committed on the night of a full moon.

The first victims were Katherine Hartke and Howard Tucker, who was sitting in a parked car in Fort Wayne, Indiana, when the blood man crept up on them. They were found dying of bullet wounds.

A few weeks later Lou Blake and Frances Schuster met the same fate in Bloomingdale, Illinois. Blake died instantly, but the girl lived long enough to tell police that they'd been shot by a blood man with a pistol pack.

The last known victim of the blood killer were Nedra Louise and James Scott, in Kansas, who

coincide. This killer was never caught. But what is there about a full moon that can drive even men to murder?

One interesting theory is that the light of the moon is highly polarized. It reflects mainly in one plane, rather than in all planes, as normal light does. Several years ago two scientists, Dr. E. G. Bigard in South Africa, and Dr. T. F. Morrison at Princeton University, both discovered that polarized light is stimulating to the growth and reproduction of certain types of bacteria.

Couldn't this also mean that, if a person were suffering from some hereditary disease in the blood, lungs or brain, the rays of the full moon might stimulate the bacteria in his body and thus increase his circulation to such an extent as to make a rebound of heat? That is, he becomes a person with two personalities. One is normal; the other might be dangerous.

As a theory to explain why the full moon makes many men "un-

controllable," and drives some to kill, the polarized light one is certainly worth considering. But there is still another that might be even deeper.

As research will show, a large percentage of full moon murders are of a somewhat sexual nature. Knowing this, it is only natural to wonder if there isn't some connection between the full moon and sexual stimulation.

Recent medical studies have found such a connection. Sexual desire in men, it seems, varies with the phase of the moon. This conclusion was arrived at after a long study of the nocturnal desires of men who lived for a long time without women. Doctors in such cases—regarding as erotic dreams—were greatest at the time of the full moon.

But it can't explain why a simple Sunday school superintendent, who is loved by everyone during the daytime, can suddenly become a murderous fiend when he finds himself under the light of a full moon.



# WOMEN UNDER THE KNIFE



ROLAND H. RIES

**MRS. SMITH** was not herself. Her husband knew it and so did their two children. She was cranky, irritable, always tired. Only sometimes, Mrs. Smith noted and felt like a woman of sixty. Continued back pains and frequent bleeding between menstrual periods finally brought her to her doctor—a specialist in women's diseases.

"Nothing unusual," he told her after an examination. "It happens frequently to women at your age."

There's probably a growth in your womb, a small tumor that is causing all your complaints. I advise an abortion, removal of the uterus and the tumor with it. It's a safe operation and once it's over, you'll feel like your old self again."

And so Mrs. Smith had her uterus removed. After three weeks in the hospital, Mrs. Smith went home with her uterus but only slightly improved. The bleeding had stopped and so had the pains, but the nervous-

ness and tiredness were worse, if anything.

At the hospital where Mrs. Smith had her operation, a pathologist had examined sections of the removed uterus under the microscope. Carefully he had pored through the lens, intently reviewing slices after slices of sliced tissue, searching for signs of disease that would explain why the uterus was removed. Reluctantly he had made his report: "Normal tissue, no evidence of disease."

The uterus removed from Mrs. Smith was perfectly normal. It contained no growth, enlarged or otherwise. She had undergone a needless major and expensive operation, losing a perfectly healthy, normal organ of her body.

And for Mrs. Smith, yes, and also for thousands of other women between the ages of 30 and 40.

For, according to a startling U.S. surgeon survey, Mrs. Smith may be no isolated case, but may typify one out of every three women who have their uterus removed.

Dr. Norman Miller, one of the United States' outstanding gynecologists, recently studied 300 hysterectomies—the surgical term for removal of the uterus—performed during a three-month period at ten hospitals in the mid-west.

The upshot of Dr. Miller's findings was that 11 women of the 300 operated on—almost one out of three—should never have been operated on at all.

"...The bewildering fact that 7½ to 8½ per cent—of the 300 patients operated on were found to be free of pathology, is a stunning observation which cannot easily be accounted for," reported Dr. Miller.

Removal of the uterus is rapidly becoming a favorite operation in women between the ages of 30 and 40, especially those who have had children. Once a rare and spectacular

operation performed by only a few skilled and courageous surgeons, hysterectomy today is commonplace, rising in popularity with removal of tonsils and appendix. In all fairness it must be said that, as the skill of the surgeon has increased, the deaths resulting from this operation have declined to a minimum. But the question remains: How necessary is the operation?

The uterus was once regarded merely as a receptacle for the unborn child.

But in the past few years relatively important have been delving deeply into the mysteries of female anatomy and the complexities of gland secretions. Although not all the evidence has been assembled, there is enough uncovered to suggest the belief that the uterus is an important factor in the action of other organs and glands and thatchildbearing is not its sole function.

It is tragic that women undergo the serious operation of hysterectomy because of such vague symptoms as fatigue, irritability and headache. These symptoms are merely the tell-tale signs of something wrong. The underlying cause producing these symptoms are the real reasons why removal of the uterus is performed.

Leading the list as the greatest single cause is a tumor or growth in the uterus. And the growth need not be enormous, although the danger of cancer of the uterus is a very real one to women of 30 to 40. Most of the growths, however, prove to be the so-called fibroid type, definitely non-cancerous. But these growths, even though not cancerous, do give rise to many troublesome symptoms—excessive bleeding or even cessation of bleeding, abdominal pain, headache, vague headache.

The growths, ranging in size from a pea to a large grapefruit, often lead

## THE RED LIGHT

If you see a passing suspect  
poking likely up the street  
and you hurry just a little  
to strike his patterning fast,  
Please, please, don't rush it,  
brother,  
Don't be reckless, it's just  
sport  
Cheating women may not  
hurt you,  
But there's trouble when  
they're caught

—LAKON

to bizarre complications. Recently a young unmarried girl of 18 recently appeared in the clinic of a large metropolitan hospital. For several months her menstruation had ceased, and there was a visible increase in the size of her lower abdomen. Despite the girl's total denial of any wrongdoing, her parents were convinced she was pregnant.

Various tests at the hospital convinced the doctors that pregnancy was only a remote possibility and that a tumor in the uterus might be responsible. Accordingly they operated, removing the uterus and with it a fibroid mass larger than a grapefruit and weighing six pounds.

The girl recovered rapidly, but it was not until the doctors had talked long and seriously with the parents and had shown them the actual record that there was a reconciliation.

While deaths may be at a minimum in hysterectomies, complications following the operation do occur. Hemorrhages as well as secondary pelvic infections are greatly feared

by the surgeons. There is also some chance that the bladder or the urinary tube from the bladder may be injured during the course of the operation. When no complications occur, patients require only 10 to 12 days' stay in the hospital. But if trouble comes, then the hospitalization period may be a month or more.

There are two schools of thought among surgeons performing hysterectomies. One group believes in the abdominal approach—making the incision in the abdomen on the appendectomy—and removing all or part of the uterus. The other group is just as firmly convinced that the vaginal approach is better. In this technique as incision in the abdomen is made, the surgeon working through the natural vaginal opening.

In patients where the growth in the uterus is apt to be very large and high up, extending sometimes as far as the navel, the abdominal approach has definite advantages.

The abdominal approach is also favored when there is reason to suspect the presence of cancer. It is essential that the surgeon have a clear operating field, giving him room for manipulation.

Science has found, thus far, two alternatives to hysterectomy. One of the chief symptoms leading to removal of the uterus—extreme bleeding—may be cured by imbalance in the secretions of the endocrine system. Although not all the facts are as yet known, doctors do have a great deal of information on functions of the thyroid glands. Many disorders for which hysterectomy is now performed can be cleared up by administration of hormones.

A second suggestion for an alternative to hysterectomy is contained in a recent scientific study made by Drs. Robert A. and Harry S. Crossen of St. Louis. These doctors reported the

results of a 20-year survey of 226 patients on the use and effectiveness of radium in controlling uterine.

Treatment with radium was successful for 47% of the 226 women treated—better than 20 per cent. For these women the doctors were able to accomplish with radium therapy what otherwise would have required major operations. In presenting their findings to their colleagues, the Doctors point out that, even if radium therapy does not control the growth of a tumor in the uterus, the surgeon can always resort to operation later; but when operation is the first procedure, the patient has undergone a great risk and a great loss without the benefit of trying radium.

No one can deny that at times hysterectomy is a health-saving and even a life-saving procedure. But how often is it necessary? Already working a fine surgeon, such as Dr. Norman Miller.

Patients, of course, cannot decide when and whether they require surgery. The decision is still and always will remain in the doctors' pockets. And there is no doubt that many of the operations are unnecessary. What, then, can a woman do when confronted with the problem?

Specialists in the community who are expert in their fields and whose advice can be trusted should have the last say. The best solution for women is to consult them. The responsibility to operate or not to operate must be theirs.





TONY MACDONALD

# GORILLAS MEAN MONEY

The terrible Old Man of the Jungle has now become one of Africa's most valuable exports.

A FRENCH game warden and about 15 African hunters have returned from Brazzaville from the last official gorilla hunt, carried out by the French Equatorial Administration. Gorillas now mean money.

For six days the hunters trekked through the jungle. They went to capture and not to kill the great apes, but they were involved in a desperate battle and they had to stay to save their own lives. There were only

able to bag five young gorillas; they had to kill seven others. Several of the Africans were badly injured.

When they go out again and they will go, because of the money that gorillas now mean to experts they will change their tactics, receive new plans, but the big idea will likely be to give them a sum for their services. They were faced with the same problem which gorilla hunters have always met... the difficulty of separating

the young gorillas from the older ones, and especially to big-games and experts, the "Old Man" who always guards the herd. And always he will fight to the death.

The hunters were armed with guns and spears, but they were all told that only in the last resort must they kill. They carried huge ropes with them surrounded several bands, but time and again the gorillas broke through. Even so before they caught gave them touches. After all babies weighed up to about 200 lbs. more than a hundred.

There was drama all the time... and the horrific scenes which only the people could have staged. Gorillas are good parents... a father or mother will fight to the death before it gives up its child. A mother and her baby were separated from the pack. Slowly the hunting circle closed in on her. She tried to break through with the baby clutched to her breast. Her snarling and the cries of the hunters scared the animals of the tree forest. She could have been easily shot but the bullet missed and the life of the baby... and the baby was precious. It was only after she had mauled several hunters that the warden decided to shoot. The mother was run over and fell. The baby fell out of her arms, ran away and returned whooping. The hunters were formed... the mother was crying her heart out, removed her a broken branch being... and then before their very eyes the wretched form of their prey. She crushed her baby to death in her long arms.

The capture of five in the ratio of seven killed is too high, the authorities say, the ratio must be reduced. The French law was carried out under a new regulation which gives the administration the sole right to capture wild animals. The main aim of the new monopoly is the rule of

the animals to Americans, scientists, tourists to earn more dollars for the territory.

Even today much of the life of the gorilla in the wild hours is a mystery. I have climbed the great ages in the Congo forests and in the steaming jungles of French Equatorial Africa. One night, after I had slept in a native village, I awoke about the morning time I had heard from the forest. I was told it was the snoring of a pack of gorillas.

The noise, of course, would be known about the entire area if they could be kept in captivity over very long periods, but most of them die when they are aged.

I know most of the jungle stories from the roar of a lion at the hill to the mad spiral of the elephant, but there is no scream as the people like that of the gorilla. It is almost human, it drives the natives. French hunters like Martin Johnson and Frank Buck have described the gorilla as the most frightening of wild creatures and one of the most unpredictable and dangerous. And in spite of all its ugliness and ferocity, it is the most fascinating of all jungle creatures.

Swing, open that peace, long teeth driven into a weak, transparently powerful arm and a mighty draw of a chest... the gorilla looks a nightmare. And when you come across a pack the "Old Man" will face you. He will beat his powerful bands on his mighty chest. He will roar up, then he will stop. He will retreat and retreat again. Some hunters say that at least he is a coward, that he puts on a mighty show of savagery, but men would over due no effort to close quarters with the beast. He can tear a man's head off.

Man is a gorilla's only enemy. If the beasts were not protected, it is quite likely that he would have been

Bumper box at the Billy Rose one hundred and Jesus ("The Schmucks") Durante's yacht. The cruise began with poker. One rule out, Rose found himself eligible to cards. Rapidly downing at least four antiseptic-strength pills, he peaked rapidly at the Durante's celebrated rose and saw that the organ was bursting from a delicate shade of chartreuse into a deep purple. "Cap, I got you anything?" quipped Rose happily. "Yeah, an ailed?" Durante snorted back. "Aw, think nothing of it," put in a perky deck-hand. "Nobody ever died of rosebushes." The Schmucks transported a perhapse snort. "Well, don't say dat," it croaked. "Our der hope 'o dyin' is keeps' me alive."

—From "Twoply," the world's first motion-picture magazine.

wiped out, because in Africa for such a long time now, with guns have taken most savages, public debate on killing jungle animals.

The gorilla lives on a steadily basis with all the jungle animals. He is the enemy of most of them because he is a vegetarian; the food he likes best are the young shoots of bananas, wild celery and the dwarf banana. I have seen a gorilla cross a glade where buffalo were grazing and the animals didn't even have a glimmer.

Gorillas always move around in herds, as low as ten or as many as thirty. They keep family circles. The baby gorilla — the mother has just at a time — is rocked exactly like a human child and the mother carries it around in her arms. As they move they are noisy but what has been called their roar is actually a bark.

The brain has two outstanding characteristics — meekness and strength. A full-grown gorilla may weigh as best, which over 2000s. The massive size of his chest can be almost twice that of a Joe Louis. His shoulders are like a bull's. He walks awkwardly, never runs.

fact, a man can outrun him. He wanders only by day. When night falls—and in the tropics it is like the sudden dropping of a curtain—he has made his bed in a tree. He is usually monogamous and he and his wife will make their double bed of leaves and twigs together . . . if there is a baby they make a smaller bed, like a nest.

When a pack is surprised they run off, but the "Old Man" immediately covers the retreat of the pack. He puts on his set of defiance, advancing and retreating as he beats his big drum sheet. Other males join him . . . It seems that the "men" are always ready to fight for the "women and children." All the gorillas are swimming and marching and it is as if all hell is let loose.

They dwell in the most inaccessible regions of the equatorial rain forest, which are situated in towering dampness, in regions further away from increasing men, but as these densely natural habitats the open fall victim to pulmonary diseases. Just as men are subject to the common cold, so is the gorilla to a cough.

There are a few scattered African villages in gorilla country and the Africans have frequently in fight off surrounding gorilla bands from their banana plantations. They used to have them before the protection era of the Belgian and the French colonists. But if Africans are found killing gorillas now they get heavy jail sentences.

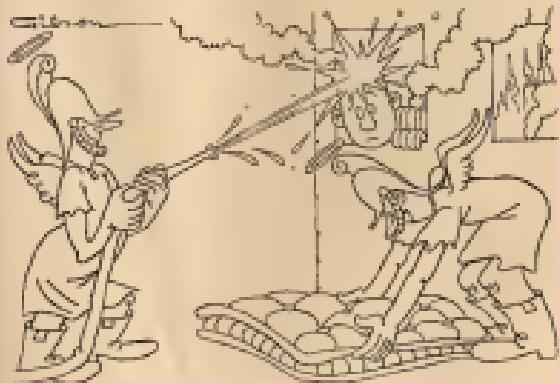
Some people have succeeded in "taming" gorillas. In *Afrikas Aar* My Habsky, published in 1944, Gottfried Lorenz, an Earthswoman, who had settled in America, told the remarkable story of Momo and Rosy, her pet gorillas. Twice she was almost killed by her powerful pets and eventually she had to part with them in earnest.

It is only just over 100 years ago — in fact, 1840 — when the world was startled by the discovery of the gorilla. When the ape was first seen

it was discredited and even scientific men were incredulous when Paul E. du Chaillu published an account of his hunting.

It has never been possible to count a complete gorilla census in the vast equatorial lands between the Cameroun and the Congo, but they are reckoned to run into thousands. A few years ago near Lake Kivu, their number was estimated at 2,000.

Strange legends have grown up around the Gorillas of the jungle. They are said to have stolen native women and mated with them (out of the old wives' tales of the people). But this is true — native women have been known to prolific baby gorillas whose mothers have been slain. A baby gorilla is very much like a human child. In these rare cases the animals have been allowed to join a gorilla pack when they have been able to feed for themselves.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

# Tricksters of the Ring

All leather-punchers didn't wear  
by known alone; some  
added a measure of native smarts.



FRANK BROWNE

MOST of the men who have won Championships with their backs to the wall, whether the cuts taken were as they came along with the body, or died in leather, were men of little guile, who simply hit harder and slightly more often than those who opposed them.

But scattered amongst the gallery of Champions are one or two, who had something added, who practised an art that was a combination of psychology and the thumb and toe.

Perhaps the first of these men was

William Thompson, immortalised in Ring novels as "Bentigo."

Bentigo O'Boyle from Nottingham was not a man many thought to be more than standing as a blow before the belt than he thought of having his hands laid. He was Champion of England from 1881 to 1882. In one of his fights, against Jim Ward (who had lately taken the title from "Dead" Barker), Bentigo was not doing too well. Mr. Ward had developed the distressing habit of hitting Mr. Thompson solidly on the point of the jaw with his right every time Mr.

Thompson came near enough to be hit. When he wasn't hitting with his right, he was running a long left hand into Mr. Thompson's eye.

In the 12th round, Mr. Thompson had an inspiration.

As Mr. Ward advanced, with the obvious intention of continuing what had been to Mr. Thompson a most depressing series of blows, Bentigo pointed at the ground with his finger. Mr. Ward was interested enough to drop his hands and bend over to examine the point indicated.

Mr. Thompson then wound up a right that stoned marrow as it passed his shoulder, and which—by the time it reached the unprepared jaw of the Workman—was proving very nicely. Mr. Ward was still crouching the human when this was pulled.

There is no doubt whatever that Bentigo owed his victory to a trick.

The next man with tricks in his was a most unlikely boxer-trickster—George Oliver, then Bob Langford. Bentigo didn't look like a favorite and didn't act like one. But he was a long way from depending on mere ability to hit and be hit.

Old Pitt could look more like a man of his last gasp—without being as hot, gassy, or anybody who ever climbed a hill. He could play his own double end knuckles and play his jaw in a most quavering manner.

Many people thought they had Pitt's chances beaten (and then woke up to their sorrow after the Red Fox had lowered the horns on them) when they often fought in Ring history.

On St. Patrick's Day of 1904, his apparent condition at the end of the 12th round, when he shuffled wearily to his corner, had Cockett took a leap.

"The fellow has stood up," said the Champion.

In the other corner, the apparent was now whistling "Next round" to

Robert Davis, a young newspaperman who was exceeding him.

Sure enough, two rounds of the next round found Francesco the next Round Champion.

Jack Johnson, didn't rely entirely on strength; Johnson's long arm, both before and after he got into the ring, was to get his opponents past with speed. Before he got into the ring, his insults were pitiful. In the case, they were not. After Johnson won the title from Steve, after 14 consecutive rounds in Sydney in 1898, Hugh B. McLean (who had not only promoted the battle but refused to consider that, more than once, he had nearly made history by turning into Johnson himself, as this was Johnson's ring invention).

One of Johnson's own contemporaries (and a man just as black) was Sam Langford. Sam taught Johnson the game and wouldn't let him into the ring again.

"The Boston Tea Party" was short and tank set, and was one of the really great popular Langford, unlike Johnson, never created anybody. He was a model of decorum. Where Langford's something extra came in was that he used to persuade opponents to believe that they could beat him. He never could pull that trick twice, but it worked quite often.

Sam, when faced with fighting somebody, would give the fellow a story that went something like this:

"Jesus, I sure does hope to beat that man, but I don't know you how I'm gonna' do it. He sure has a terrible punch. Now, I can't hit with my left hand at all, and has打击力 as much too good for a right. So you, I sure ain't looking forward to fighting that man."

What generally happened was that the guy concentrated on Sam's right.

**T**HE Seven Ages of Man  
(1) Milk; (2) Milk, vegeta-  
tion; (3) Milk, tea, coffee,  
sugar, candy; (4) Steak, meat  
bites, French fries, ham and  
eggs; (5) Pot au feu beef,  
steaks, chicken Maryland,  
ham d'oeuvres, rare meat-  
balls, crepes suzette, cock-  
tails, Scotch, wine, char-  
pau, ale, vodka, brandy;  
(6) Milk and bacon; (7)  
Milk, meat and bacon.

Row, who had one of the most lethal left hands of all time, picked his moment and then rocked it across. The jaded guy usually didn't know what had struck him.

The later day heavyweights, however, were mostly straight-forward Sultan of Swat.

Most of the real smarts was around the ladder switch.

Johnny Dundon was a man with a unique angle. Dundon was born Joseph Corrino in Italy. At an early age, he took up boxing, and round about the same time, conceived a strange affection for hills and landscapes. He changed his name to Johnny Dundon and migrated to America. There, he started breeding Swiss dogs to have his pictures taken in rump clothes. It was always in full Scotty's regalia—talis, sporrans, and garters, plus a Glengarry bonnet.

Sometimes he had himself taken driving the bagpipes. The inevitable result of this exposure of an alien dress and alien music was that he became known as "The Scotch Wren."

His opponents quiz frequently

though they were dealing with an outside boxer. Bill Dundee fought man after man and finally took the Featherweight Title from Eugene Ortega, on July 21, 1911.

Harry Grah, middleweight Champion for most of the Roaring Twenties, made a career of embarrassing opponents long before they got into the ring. His stock in trade were putdowns taken in eight shots, allegedly in the early hours of the morning. These putdowns gave people—particularly opponents—the idea that they were going to get in with a worse than half-baked opponent. Thus most of them didn't even last.

Then, when they went in with the Pittsburgh Windmill, they wondered what he was.

Grob had plenty of tricks, in the ring as well. Clenching loudly that he had been doctored, and holding up the fight until he had a spell, was one of them.

But perhaps his greatest effort on my deception was his acknowledgement of the fact that he had a glass eye, too.

Boiling Nelson was another boy who got to work well before he put his hands up in the air. "The Double Darts" was durable all right, but he was also a good boxer.

The stock in trade was to convince prospective opponents that all they had to do was fight a man who had nothing but toughness to recommend him.

They got on with the idea of being the first to knock him out. Men, who might have beaten him and put up a fair fight, took ridiculous risks to try and knock him out.

The result was that he generally managed to knock them out.

Then there was Ted ("Kid") Lewis, the London Hebrew who held the Silverstein Title between 1911 and 1919. Lewis took full advantage of

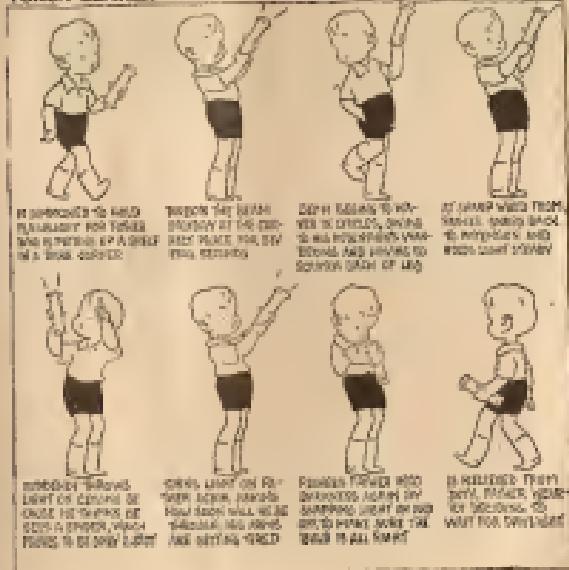
the fact that most people have little education and have a good deal of reverence for those who had. Big Ben Lewis was an old Geechee by any means. He was pretty rough but reflected a "nurse" accent when a needed him.

Lewis used to make a habit of turning up in his office in a thunder, going into the opposite dressing room, where he was usually unengaged, and after some small talk, telling his opponent that he wouldn't be too hard on him.

The effort was rather unsuccess-  
ful, it would seem. Lewis, apparently  
enough, was one of the lucky men  
to have a little poetic justice visited  
on him. In 1919 he fought Georges  
Carpentier in London. At one stage  
of the fight, Lewis appealed to the  
referee, claiming that Carpenter had  
hit him low. If the Frenchman HAD  
done him violence, nobody had seen it.  
Lewis, in appealing to the referee,  
had his head. Carpenter took a snap shot  
at the unprepossessing pro and knocked  
him out.

## TORCH BEARER

Dr. GLYNN WILLIAMS





She might have had everything else along here, but she packed a punch for all that

J. W. HEMING

## her name was calamity

JANE RUSSELL played Calamity Jane in a talkie. The real Calamity Jane—and she was very real—was not like Jane Russell. Not anywhere. She was neither pretty nor demure—but never used to be. And her language minded.

Yet she had her good points. She was amorous, good-humored and had a lot of guts.

Her name was Jane Morris. An orphan at the age of eight, she was adopted by a regiment in a frontier post. The soldiers taught her to

ride, shoot, swear and start fires.

She preferred male company and male clothing—and she packed a revolver which she knew how to use, and did.

In 1873, she was judged good enough to be hired by Brigadier-General Crook as a scout to guide his cavalry across the Black Hills of South Dakota to fight the Sioux. That was a man-sized job for any woman!

About a year later Crook sent her with urgent despatch to General

Custer. It meant a long, forced ride across plains heavy with coldness, in the depths of winter, through deep snow and blizzards. The Indians hadn't got her, but pneumonia did. Yet through and through to the day she staggered among a camp of white soldiers who nursed her back to health.

Although I wouldn't recommend it as a good remedy, passengers never called Custer Jane's late. If she had finished her journey her orders were to report with Custer's group—in which case she would have been still with them at the battle of Little Big Horn when they were all massacred.

Jane was one of the most extraordinary characters of the extraordinary Wild West, but she has to share most of the legends of the West with the stars like of newspaper.

The way she got her nickname of Calamity seems true enough. It was when she was riding General Crook's traps the six hundred miles from Bismarck, Montana, to Deadwood, in the Black Hills—when the red men were very rightly taking umbrage at the white men digging holes all over their hunting land looking for yellow metal. Jane, according to legend, was twenty-one at the time she was much older and rode in front of her men. She was nervous. The column was passing through a canyon when the pack mules suddenly became alive with horses, with riders.

A shot brought down a young officer. The rest of the horses, startled—and who wouldn't?—had to haul off. An Indian, who wanted something to take home for the purposes, dashed out of cover to collect the young officer's scalp.

But Miss Morris had other plans. When she saw the redskin on the

run with his scalped head she chopped spans to him and rode back. Before the Sioux fire was hot Jane used the old Indian trick of lying along the side of her horse, holding her position with one leg over the saddle pommel and one hand grasping the mane. She rode down on the collector of head-drops and took a quick shot with her revolver, sending a slug through the spine of the scalper, all names.

Riding the return, Jane was supposed to have drawn and every man up to her saddle—without chancing! If you believe that, I have some shares in a brewery at Sioux City which I can let you have cheap.

She probably jumped down, got the officer across the saddle, remounted and galloped along the canyon. The Sioux must have been poor shots. They probably were, except with bows.

The column had taken cover. The lieutenant was laid on the ground and his wound dressed. He stood up at Miss Morris.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said. "We were mighty lucky to have a brave woman like you around to make a calamity."

Later on the search committee joyfully called her Calamity Jane, she earned the name for the rest of her life.

Another story told of Jane makes her out so tough that small-pox was scared of her. It seems the disease invaded into Deadwood and a lot of citizens went down with it. They were put into a big cabin out of town—the patients were in Spruce Gulch. No one would go near them and the physicians and medicines from Deadwood. The store-keeper put the staff out on the road

## STATE OF THE NATION (1)

Gobbly-goo! Gobbly-goo!  
You'll find it in dairy and mortuary and book,  
The Comedians' word "new"; then "vilest" fire,  
The ravings of beggars and Father Divine,  
Some's meaningless mumble, Wim Her van Ley,  
Like lightning, you're never quite sure where they'll strike  
Spasmodics and terrors and masked hawks  
Curmud the ducks with their exotic quacks  
The old-time King's English is bending its head;  
Two-farmer words "Boh" — was fourteen snuffed  
The State of the Nation — the Denmark's — is crack  
For moderns who haven't learned gobblety-goo!

— JAT-PAT

for her to pick up. No one would go near her. Not even the small part Jane liked to wander down now town, to running camps, or to army posts, spending her money and acting like a man. Well, not entirely like a man. She fell in love with a man, married him and gave him a daughter. He worked off.

She was no Jane Russell. Her own son in the town rather turned up their noses at her. Jane looked after her daughter until the child was old enough to need a governess. Jane went roundabout from town to town.

For instance, Jane drove the Deadwood stagecoach. One day a posse dragged her from a tree on the back of one of the lead horses. The horse bolted (which was not at all surprising), but as the stage took along at breakneck speed, threatening to crash at any moment, Jane crawled along a horse's back and shot the posse

dead with her shotgun. I guess that one for what it's worth. I hate to say it, but I don't believe it.

Another time when she was riding Pony Express she found two pinky Indians coming up about a quarter of a mile behind and fast, overtaking her. She got her stand at a stream. It did the pump, but came down heavily and fell, breaking a leg and sending Calamity into a spin. She got up dazed. She had only two shots left. She used one of them to get the horse out of its misery.

She then crawled away behind her horse and waited for the two Indians, neither of whom had gone. When the leader was within ten yards, she shot him between the eyes. The other Indian remembered he had an appointment and turned off to keep it, but Calamity pounced up and called on him to stop. Before her appointment could wait,

the howitzer bellowed out his hotel. Calamity rode into Deadwood with the machine on an Indian pony, and her presence before her, still mounted by the empty gun.

You will notice that most of these stories are about Deadwood. They just have had some lovely imagination there.

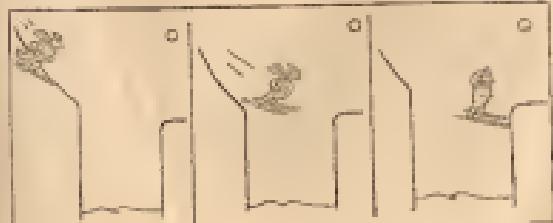
But Jane must have been a remarkable woman. She used to say she never expected to be killed because a fortune-teller had prophesied she would live to be eighty! The man did not see quite straight, but never did she not. Jane lived well into her seventies.

In fact, she lived too long. The West she had known became the Old West and was replaced by the new—by more cowboys and trains and lawless wife. She became too old to saddle a horse; her teeth were gone, her leather skin had more cracks than a cornfield; her big-crowding friends were R.I.P. No one remembered Calamity Jane. Some of them did not even believe the Indians stories about her. Despairing, she gave up wearing a shotgun; tolle had gone soft and did not shoot up saloons any more.

But she hit the gray land when she had money—which was very pitiful now. One biographer says: "But she kept her proud spirit, retaining all dignity." Yeah!

In 1911 the City of Buffalo, New York, threw a big Pan American Exposition. A big show—exhibition, looking for something to exhibit stuck on the idea of using Calamity Jane. She was invited as usual Buffalo Bill Cody, visiting the exhibition, saw the same famous Calamity Jane riding steadily like most strong wild animals at a gallop to be sighted! The man did not see quite straight, but never did she not. Jane lived well into her seventies.

Yes, there must have been some basis for her fame. That she was a woman in Indian-settled country there can be no doubt, and the exploit which got her her nickname seems true in its essentials. Among the others if you like. But she *must* have been one of the wildest matrons in the Wild West.



# marihuana madness



FRANK LISSNER

The mixed drug denoted to the racing names of what the addicts had lovingly named "Green Devil."

IT is Saturday night at the home of Juan, a taxi driver in a town near Mexico City. His eyes are sealed on a floor in a circle. In the center is an opium smoker with his mouth open. Juan takes a puff of a large marihuana cigarette, then passes it to his neighbor. As he does this Juan brings his mouth close to the half-blown-out cigarette, so that the smoke Juan exhaled is converged to him. After taking his puff, the neighbor continues the process around the circle. The smokers in their pained inhalations wait and prancing over

the ceremony involving the narcotics smoke, the opium collapses when he becomes intoxicated. That's a warning to the human mind to step-beyond the effects have become too disastrous.

In a town in northeast Brazil that same evening a "bambu club" is meeting—having a hot time at a marihuana cigarette party, for in Latin America many of the addicts like company at these smoking slogs. But here the scene resembles a madhouse. Some of the men and women are delirious in their狂喜 (exhilaration), some are cheering狂喜 (exhilaration), others are just yelling to add to the tumult. Already, two of the men are engaged in a fist-fight. In a corner, a woman has passed out cold, slumping profoundly.

In Cuba, a marihuana party is called a "colada" or "conda." A half-dozen or more addicts smoke the same marihuana cigarette of size as in Mexico but the Cubans draw their breath high and intake as much smoke as possible, retaining it in the lower respiratory tract as long as they can. Some swallow a part of the smoke. The cigar is smoked to the butt, when the last man cuts it—no exasperate defiance!

There are many plagues of marihuana addiction below the Rio Grande. Throughout the world some 300,000,000 people indulge in the craze but it is called in the U.S., "the indigenous weed" (in Mexico), "Green Devil" (in Nicaragua, Honduras and El Salvador), "marihuana" (in Brazil and West Africa)—the "poor man's opium" sings everywhere. Marijuana, which is the name of hemp, is used by at least seven out of ten drug addicts in a country like Cuba and its royal confusion is unshaken.

While the curse of marihuana addiction on the American continents has long been Mexico (the greatest source), in recent years marihuana culture has developed in northeast Brazil, and the vice is now well rooted in Central America. Marijuana is also crossing the Rio Grande in greater quantities than ever, as evidenced by the increased sales of the drug by U.S. Customs Agents last year—a total of 34,230 pounds.

Spread of the addiction is largely due to the ease in which hemp, source of marihuana, is cultivated without detection, in many places

it grows wild. Hence it is hard to control the drug. A number of Mexicans, peasants have learned that they can boost their income by cultivating Indian hemp, instead of their corn and bean crops. As a result, Mexico is now reported to have a plant especially rich in active resin. It's the only "hairy" drug of the land that doesn't need chemical processing before being consumed.

Moreover, the cost of a mescal is low, compared to other illicit drugs, bringing it within reach of the poorest. The high price of cocaine, and its effective suppression, have also helped the traffic in marihuana.

What manner of people are all these "friends of marihuana"? Dr. Pablo Covello Wolff, member of the World Health Organization Expert Committee on Habit Forming Drugs points out that addicts are usually found in "the lowest strata of the population . . . people with little education, natives, farm hands, packers, laborers, sailors, prostitutes, vagrants, addicts." Men in the country districts of Brazil use it as an aphrodisiac, a digestive, as a sleeping tonic and as a hypnotic—unaware of the many lurking dangers from addiction. In Mexico, however, as in most other countries, marihuana also penetrates the higher income groups, including well-educated teenagers who pick up毒品 at clubs and cabarets.

Marijuana floods in Brazil, Mexico and Cuba like to smoke it collectively and Dr. Wolff reveals that the custom especially has an origin in "black market" relatives sons of lower income. In Brazil, for instance, the Indians—especially Negroes or older indigenous groups—resort to marihuana at their celebrations to produce hallucinations and exalt themselves to a frenzy.

**NEAL** Cheving Cross (London) is "Gordon's Ware Bar" which, if the proprietor knew, had never sold. Rumor in the 16th century, Edward VI was short of cash. He borrowed the necessary from the Finsbury Company and then was unable to repay it. The harassed King allowed the borrowers to sell rum without a license and whenever they desired, until the debt had been settled. The money is still owing.

with orange slices and cash-like.

At the saloons in Pennsylvania, havens of vice and graft, marijuana is smoked by those in search of good looks and happiness. In most countries, the opposite is preferred, chiefly because of the small cost and the fact that it is easy to hide if the police get too close for comfort.

What happens to the average person when he smokes marijuana? Medical researchers agree that the effect cannot be predicted—it generally depends upon the individual. In the most cases, the first phase is one of the happy-go-lucky euphoria, a general exultation. There may be a marijuana jag in which the oddities become the norm of brightness; it may be excessively languorous, revealing his amorous secrets, prepared to do "anything". Aware of their tendency to laughter, some of the smokers even take a radio before going to see a movie comedy because they believe they'll enjoy it more.

The second phase differs slightly

among individuals: many experience severe anxiety, multiple dreams, delusions, loss of sense of time and space.

Others may go into a dreamy state, either erotic or religious, depending upon what the smoker is concerned with at the time. A good many become melancholy and easily break into tears. Experiments by Brazilian doctors at a psychiatric clinic showed that three of them who smoked the weed themselves had lost complete control over themselves, that their laughter and verbosity had been produced automatically, against their will. After these effects had passed, all three doctors suffered from severe headache, drowsiness, inability to do even the simplest mental work, and a tendency to drop off to sleep.

The professed, establishment held that marijuana can have on a smoker an revealed by the use of a sedative, resemble India who smoked a reader one night and thereafter went into an induced dream. Addicts often produce signs that psychiatrists take for schizophrenia, paranoid, psychopathic or psychopathic types. Doctors have found addicts who attack their wives, rather than fight terror, go on crying jag, bungle their job, sleep the weird-like dreams.

Murders among those smoking the malignant weed have been recorded frequently, in Latin America and elsewhere. As a train arrived at a railroad station in Mexico not long ago, a man pulled out a gun and killed four people wholly unknown to him. Even five hours later the killer, still under the influence of marijuana, could not say a word. Finally he crawled scurrying about under a crowd of people looking at him and all he tried to do was defend himself.

In another murder case, a marijuana smoker at a crowded concert in Mexico City drew a knife and stabbed everyone within reach.

The terrible aspect of marijuana is its brutalizing effect, once the first "high" stage has worn off. (Generally when the addicts consume marijuana—some other liquor—with coffee the result is often psychosis, bad temper and acts of aggression.)

Aware of the effects of marijuana, officials in Panama have been known to give marijuana to convicts in prison in order to remove any possible hesitation and provide them with the impetus and bravado to commit robbery. In Cuba, police found that many gangsters were deliberately addicted to the drug, convinced that it gave them the "courage" they needed for criminal acts—a courage that is blamed to a gangster's lack of fear.

Unquestionably, marijuana has

become an increasing public menace. There is no justification for its existence because medical science today has no use for it, as it does have for opium, cocaine and similar other drugs. As Dr. Paul Wolf declares, marijuana "changes thousands of persons who nothing more than human animals."

"It is this word," says Dr. Wolf, "which severs the bonds of civilization that makes it possible for men to live together in society. . . . There you have the picture of this diabolical robe which makes up the mask of friendship."

The answer? A rapid and effective international programme of eradicating the malignant weed and drying up completely the illicit drug traffic from country to country.

It is the job the Narcotics Drugs Commission of the United Nations is beginning with the blessing of governments around the world.



THE END OF

## Arguments

Why is a Bank Teller called a Teller?

No! It isn't because he tells you that you've exceeded your credit. The nice man, who lends you these bundles of coins, fresh notes is called a "teller" because "teller" is a short name of "tally-man" occurring in a tally-man. In earlier days, the duty of a tally-man was to compare totals of a post, receive money, give change and pay which were due according to the tally-sheets.

#### What Do You Want for a Relationship?

Come on, you two-fives, here's your choice . . . it's easy. Now, Well, a Robinson is the name given by the wine trade to a vessel containing champagne which holds just over a gallon. The name is drawn from the old *Testament*, from which the trade has also drawn names for other certain bottles of champagne. A Jereboam, for example, contains three-quarters of a gallon; a Methuselah one and a quarter gallons; a Salomonis just over two gallons; a Baltimore two and three-quarter gallons; and a Nabalochabane three and a half gallons. According to the old story, Nebuchadnezzar went mad and ate green . . . It was containing as much of the purple grape as his appetite. We can't say that we blame him. Still, you never know. Might be our grapes because we can't afford it.

### What Begins the Conviction of Sinning a Sinner's Self

Striking a ship's bell originated back in the days of the half-hour plan. It was the duty of the ship's boy to turn the plan at the end of every half-hour. To show that he was doing his duty he would give the bell on the quarter-deck a lusty ring every time he turned the plan. Later, ship's quartermasters found this an excellent way of telling the next watch. To make it simpler, they began having the bells tolled in increasing numbers at the watch progression. One bell meant the first half-hour of a watch; at the beginning of the second half-hour of the next watch, there would be another bell.

## Is a Crooked Egg on a Easy Egg More Rewarding?

Now, don't you . . . and healthy food addicts will please stand well back. To break this blow goutie, we'll say that the matter is more or less undecided. The idea that a raw egg is more nourishing or digestible than a cooked one probably arose from the observation that an uncooked may swallow (thank!) more raw eggs than he can cooked. However, a small portion of the raw egg white passes through the alimentary canal undigested, which means that a cooked one is apparently more digestible than a raw one, for cooking converts the indigestible part into digestible.

# there's **S**omething in **S**weaters



at York's bath one



Why, she's got it on, of last... and haven't you got her clamped in that... clinging clutch... you lucky sweater. It gives us that clinging sort of feeling... the feeling we wish Merrie was clinging to us, that is. If she wants to be the ray, boy, we'll be her oak. And, woodrage, don't you dare fell that tree.



And there you have it... Didn't we tell you that there was something in a sweater... if there are any treasury-minded matrons in the audience, we'll settle right off for a few courses in knitting... or for the rest of you... you horn-headed flounders... there's always a sweater in swing... it should be briefly in view of what Merrie chooses for under. It's probably half the reason why her sweaters bring you out in a pleasant rash of excitement.

# the baron leered at locksmiths

The Baron's amorous encounters with accomplished erotica and blind dates gave him grave delusions of grandeur.

WALKER HENRY



**BARON VON TRENCZ** was undeniably born to prove that, when love laughs at locksmiths, it may do as out of the right or wrong side of its mouth. Twenty good years of the Baron's love-life were spent in German girls. And all because of Princess Amalia.

Princess Amalia was the sister of Frederick the Great of Prussia. And Frederick harbored strong views on what twigs should be grafted to his family tree. The Baron was a sprout of whom the King could not approve.

On the other hand, Princess Amalia

showed herself amenable to the Baron's persuasion. A slightly naughty (though undiscernable) affair developed . . . and Frederick might have remained blind. It pride had not made the Baron develop the habit of dropping hints of his matrimonial connections.

The skin-down came when the Baron and a Lieutenant of the Foot Guards were tippling in a tavern. Gouging from his potamus, the Lieutenant let fall a not-ever-annoyingly quip about the Baron and his Lady. The incensed Baron promptly pulled the Lieutenant's nose.

The sequel was that Baron and Lieutenant met with swords; the Baron being expertly run through the arm. Within an hour, snarly super-beavers were trampling each other to death in front of Frederick.

Frederick waited until the next Sunday when the Baron tottered onto parade. Glaring at him, the King replied, "The German begins to roll and the bolt must soon fall. Beware!"

It may be that the Baron was not an adept at solving riddles. At all events, he survived the Royal warning. He continued with his devotion . . . until three days later when he again arrived late on parade. Frederick promptly had him popped into Prussian prison.

Then he languished until Frederick decided to invade Austria. The Baron was ordered to repair his punishment. He had scarcely sailed to the ranks when he was arrested for "corresponding with the enemy."

Probably he had been, but he had half the rest of the Prussian Army. But the Baron was popped into another prison at Glatz.

Here, he reopened an unperformed correspondence with his Amalia the love-lova. Princess responded with love, which the Baron used withaceous ingenuity to braise his jaffers; his judicious response was to lock him into an even more restringent dungeon.

The Baron was undismayed. By some minor miracle, he acquired a switch pen-knife and a file; he sawed the bars of a window (30 feet from the ground), cut his leather performances in strips, and circumnavigated in earth. He might have made a perfect landing . . . if he had not plunged wimp-deep into the mud of the moat. His jollies speedily rescued him and returned him to his dungeon. The episode seems to have been

too much for Amalia. It lost her dignity. The Baron received the written letter which always ends "We will not see one another again."

The released master threw the Baron into fresh paroxysms. He did actually break prison. From then on, his morale might have rivaled the Wandering Jew. He travelled here, there and all points west until he reached Dantzig. The lovable Dantzniggs popped him into yet one more Prussian prison.

His cell here was apparently an early type of auto-deport. Unpuzzled, the Baron for a third time escaped across Grand Canal. He was locked in the most ungodly-looking of holes-in-the-wall.

Soon, however, his distraught palers were finding as many fine that they begged the Baron to reveal how he had secured his workshop.

"Oh, Bachschuh brought them," the Baron replied. "We also play cards every night," he added cheerfully.

The wretched warden promptly chucked him by the neck to the wall.

The Baron was still part in Magdeburg when Frederick the Great conveniently died. According to the Baron alone, the authorities released him.

He set out fast-foot for Amalia. She clamped his handily-winned arms and cooed with a yelp of delight.

The Baron left her where she fell. He took the road again, to cross borders in France, to make rebellion in Hungary, to be popped into his last prison, and then to be shifted to a small house.

In his leisure moments, it seems that he also continued to marry. At least, when he died on July 26, 1791, he was enjoying company from and the fatherhood of eight children.

# Crime Capsules

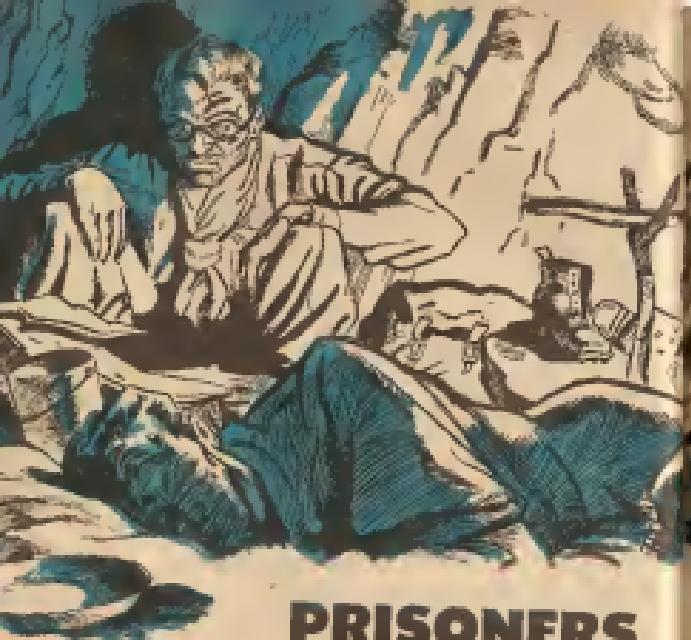
**RADAR MAN**—John Cale, 45-year-old French "radar man" became disoriented, missing bodies and violin pencils with a divining rod, a pendulum and a map. He first illustrated the notion of the gendarmes when he helped them find the body of a watchman at a coffee-factory after police had searched in vain for two months. Captain M. Cale: "Every person emits a special wave as individual as his fingerprints; this ray is absorbed by all objects he comes in contact with. In the coffee case I had only a shadow of the watchman. I turned myself to his identity rays and the rest was easy. First I turned my divining rod in all directions, when it jerked with the rays, I used a compass to get the directions from which they were coming. I drew a line across a map of France and using a pendulum over it until I felt the rays again. I marked the spot on the map. Using smaller and smaller maps, I pinpointed within eight miles of the corpse. Then I went to the scene and simply used my divining rod. So easy, really!"

**FLIGHTY BUSINESS**.—Probably no man (and not an animal) theft has reached its all-time low in a case just reported. However, the thief is at working still unknown . . . possibly because Toledo police look dim

and gills. But, whenever the thief was, his hide was high; it confined itself to running pants. And he sank as deep as a man can go in indecency. As a matter of fact, he went right down to the bottom of the ocean south-east of Japan. There, bitterly complain Japanese pearl tycoon Rokuhachi Mikimoto, the Nipponese Bill Gates made off with twelve tons of Mikimoto's live pearl-producing oysters. So what? Toledo police are inspiring just as bitterly. Who can read *Guernsey* below the date of the war? Who can hear the plaintive wail of a kidnapped tycoon? So sorry! So sorry! Inconceivable possibility.

**STRANGER JUSTICE**.—Dapper "Dolly" Weisberg, anarchist of Chicago, governor in the early 1880s, bridged that the law would never touch him. And, for a while, it looked as if he was right. "Dolly" had got away with—literally—murder when at last he made the mistake of shooting an accomplice dealer in the back. Much to his dismayed surprise, he was sentenced to die in the electric chair. Indeed, the guards were leading him on his last walk when his heart came true. At the sight of the chair, "Dolly's" heart failed him. The most righteous governor in Chicago dropped dead . . . from fright.





## PRISONERS

FIRST we got lost.

Lance Howitzer, who lived in the mountains and said he knew the track like the palm of his hand, was leading us, but the clouds came down low and blotted out everything.

So, when it started raining, and the clouds lay right on the ground, and we could hardly see each other, there wasn't any use trying to go on.

We found a cave that was fairly dry. We dragged a lot of wood into

it, and started a fire and squatted around it.

That went on for three days.

"They'll send out a search party," Lance said. "They might find us, but this rain will wash out our tracks."

The rain pelted down. It didn't ease off at all. That cave, with its big fire, was all we could use.

There were three of us. We had met by accident, and didn't know anything about each other.

Ray Kalmar was a holiday guest

## OF THE CLOUDS

at the Royal Grand where I was staying. We met Lance Howitzer in the lounge-bar there. He had a shiny blonde with him, and said he knew the mountains. We had only planned a short holiday. We were going to be back by dinner-time.

But, trapped in that cave, we started to get separated. The first night we just told jokes to pass the time. We didn't try to sleep.

By morning, we were washed-out our nerves were jumpy.

Ray Kalmar stretched out on the

Huddled in the cave, they  
waited in terror to learn  
what one of them intended

LESTER WAY  
• FICTION

## FLAT NOTES FROM A PLATINETTE

"Her feet beneath her  
petticoat  
Like little rays smile in and  
out  
As if they feared the light"  
He carried Baldwin's purse  
But had no need at Knight  
Cross days,  
He might have used another  
phrase  
"Her robes, still upon her  
bosom,  
Were lightly tucked in the  
back-charts  
For fear the mice would  
bite" —PAT-PAT

He was silent for a few minutes, then he stretched out and went off to sleep himself.

I wanted to let them swear a place left that was dry. I sat on a log and half dozed.

Pretty soon I found myself reading glasses at Ray. Every time I did, it seemed as if I had seen his face somewhere else.

Later in the day I got a dry place to lie down. I couldn't have slept well I must have been dreaming a lot, because I woke up with the feeling that I was being watched.

Lance went to the cave. Ray was standing near the fire, and he was staring at me. He had his phone on now.

Somewhere in the way he was looking at me brought what Lance had said back to my mind with a rush. "What's the idea, starting at me like that?" I asked.

"Starting?" he said. "Waiting at you? I wasn't."

He began to look frightened. "What's the matter with you?" he yelled, as if I was a wild animal.

Then Lance came back to the cave dragging a couple of him for the fire. He looked from me to Ray.

"Take it easy, both of you!" he cautioned. "It's just your nerves."

Kidney turned away. I told myself I'd have to be careful. Ray was a crooked.

Back to my mind, I knew it was Ray's voice. But your mind doesn't work orthodoxy when your nerves are in despair.

I didn't say anything more to Ray, and he didn't say anything more to me, but we watched each other. That night, Lance lay down and slept, while Ray and I found sitting up. But each time we dozed, we'd jerk ourselves awake and send started shivers at each other. Then, when Lance woke up, but not before, Ray

let himself fall down beside the fire. I whispered to Lance. "He seems to have no self. The way he was looking at me when —"

"Yeah, you were talking on your sleep—saying something about a gunsite, and a man with glasses. He thinks you've recognized him."

"I say damn, "Don't leave the cave till I wake up," I said. "We'll talk when he's do if he gets a chance."

That's how it was for two more days.

Our eyes got red, and one time we drew on Kidney's bottle again, and his nerves got more strained, I watched him more and more closely. And he watched me.

The rain stopped on the third day. Lance looked out over the street. "Can you find the track?" I asked.

"Yeah, but there'll be a search-party out looking for us. You stay here, and I'll see if I can pack them up."

I started to protest. I was afraid my nerves would crack. But Lance went out of the cave faster than I thought it was possible.

"He'll come back with the search-party," Ray said.

There was a faint in his voice. He was standing at the entrance of the cave, with his back to it, watching me.

I told myself—this is it.

I started moving about the cave, getting a little closer.

I got within eight or nine feet of him.

"Don't come any closer!" he yelled out. His voice sounded as if he was about crying. "I know what you want to do. I know!"

Suddenly he leapt away from the cave-mouth. He ran blindly—no straight for a fifty-foot drop down a cliff. I saw it and stopped.

And he ate it in time. He wheeled to the right, and ran like a chess

man. This time he came up against a wall of rock.

There was no escape. I sprung at him. He shut his eyes and searched the air with his fist.

"Take it easy, Ray," I said. "You can't get away."

He let his hands drop and, with one hand fell on a rock about the size of a cricket ball. He lost it, swiping that rock.

I tried to shield myself, but the rock got me.

Our eyes got red, and one time we drew on Kidney's bottle again, and his nerves got more strained, I watched him more and more closely.

"That's done," Ray pointed. "You won't get away now."

"I've got you!" he roared. "Lance has recognized you when you were sleeping. He'll see your picture—wanted for murder or something. And I could tell it was true by the way you acted."

"Giovane told you that?" I gasped. "Damn it all, he said the same thing about you—and you acted like it."

The search party was climbing up to the rock.

"Kidney!" I said. "The bloody dogs—playboy as against each other like that! What till I get hold of—"

There were three police, all with guns. They looked from me to Ray, then into the cave.

"Who's Lance Hawkins?"  
"Don't you meet him?" He went to find you. Went as soon as the death lifted."

The policeman sighed. "All right, you can let your hands down. We Hawkins we went—married a girl a few weeks ago—just abandoned her, when he showed out with you two tools."

Ray Kidney began to laugh.  
"How about saying you?" I asked.  
"We both need it!"

over there. He used his pack for a pillow, and took off his clothes.

But Hawkins began looking at him intently.

After a while, Lance said, "Looks different, taking him that, with his glasses off, doesn't it?"

"I guess we all do," I said.

"Yeah, but we haven't all got down like that. You seen it somewhere?"

He having showed, Baldwin's face looked dirty, of course. His features were very thin, and his nose was rather long.

"You say he's a back-charts?" Lance asked.

"That's what he told me. I only met him at the hotel."

"But that fool! Wish I could place all something to do with some crime—big robbery, or murder, or—"

He broke off and stared at Ray with more alarm.

"Wouldn't be surprised if he's trying to picked the company," Lance said. "Made up the walk-on-trip to get out of the way."

22 CAVAILAGE, July 1951

# BLOOD is THICKER



FOR TWO OF THE ONE CLAN, BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER... AS WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN WITHOUT THE FRONTTEETHS OF ANY VAMPIRE BATS

MATT WILSON • FICTION

**V**He would have felt the heat of his head for blood—because he had to be careful—except that this god knowing to help has put it out of his mind.

"I'm all right—thanks," he mouthed silently.

"Oh! You so glad... I was following you and—well, your face just flew right out from under you. I was afraid—"

"I'm okay," Eric told her. He was still dazed, but not so much that he didn't notice the bright down in her hair and feel a drop of her face wet across his hand on the sidewalk.

Not a girl, he decided, to be out so late in that neighbourhood. Not walking, anyway.

I was following you, she had said. Eric swayed to his feet, a bit rockish, then picked up the hat he'd whacked off and kept him from being hurt. In-

stead of only stunned. He knocked off the dirt against his knee.

Gods! Did follow man "on purpose" around here. But not girls like that. He shivered, turned up the collar of his coat.

Usually he would have been content on a long sidewalk. It must have been the three drunks with the old dealer in the same shop back there (Mister—Mystic—Donald) that threw him.

"I know," she said. "I know how it sounds, but it's all right. You see, a few minutes ago, in that same shop, I saw you buy a—ah—book that I've wanted so badly repeated, but was afraid to buy. I followed to ask if you'd let me look at it."

The almost possessive intensity of her voice startled him into staring at her. There was no street-lung here, but even by moonlight he could tell she had a kind of beauty. A per-

There's a fortune waiting for the man who can form hair to grow straight . . . in darkest Africa. While straight-haired white women spend endless hours on permanent waving, African ladies claim their natural crevices which explain why certain white ladies have come into tidy fortunes selling "anti-curly" tonics. The wan-faced African girls wear their hair cut short, but in marriage they let it grow, plucking it with red needles on the crown of the head, so that it looks like an inverted flower-pot. The longer a woman has been a wife, the taller the monkey-like waves on top of her skull.

What kind of . . . was it beauty?"  
"Well," she said, "if you aren't scared of me say longer."

There was a tense, almost hungry intimacy about her. But he was taken by an odd notion that she was hoping to might seduce her.

Above, he told himself, that hand on the hand must have left some butterflies inside. "Of course," he agreed firmly. "Why didn't you mention it there? I don't blame you; it is a beautiful ring. Just a common enough, but the carving..."

"No. Not the ring. The other."

"Oh," she demand. "The other" hadn't even occurred to him. "Of course," he snarled her again. He looked around doubtfully. "But this isn't much of a place to see anything."

Where they stood was a sort of shadowy between-worlds line of night.

"I live quite near . . . if you don't think it's too improper..."

That didn't seem quite a word to use now, Eric thought. The whole thing was beginning to be sort of a dream; what she had said before came back to him now; it wasn't that she wouldn't afford to buy it—the

man must have been afraid to buy it. "Let's go," Eric said. She must have got cold standing there, for he felt her shivering as he held her arm, walking close beside her with quick, eager slacks of her heels on concrete.

She did live quite near, indeed,

they passed no light, no other person.

There were two steps only, the front door being almost at street level. She passed a button, and a bell sounded from deep within.

But then without waiting for an answer she said, "Come," and they entered through the unlocked door.

He found a light switch down. By the dim light overhanging the entrance hallways, Eric could see a hallway through a doorway to the right. Glass chandeliers of a bygone day; two marble-trimmed fireplaces; carpet rolled to the wall; furniture upholstered in white crepe.

"Opposite," she whispered, and then seemed natural to have a voice along would have been out of place here.

The chair was broad, and they took the faded worn plush, still warm to arms.

"Here." Her voice was soft, but no longer whispering.

When she pushed open the door,

he drew a breath of relief. The room was not built the furniture was modern blushed wood and pink upholstered.

"Let me have your coat," she said. She laid it across the back of the sofa. "Dry out by the fire, and I'll make us a drink."

With her back to the fireplace, Eric watched her at the small table; her in the corner of the room, and he thought of her tame response on the street and of her hurried move here. As though he had come into a trap, and she was not afraid he would leave. His glasses fell on an express, and he thought of "the other" in his pocket there, and wondered what it was she wanted.

Yet it was the only other possible he'd made. It was a cheap Bakelite pair only a few dollars for a—but odd, too; a small figure of a hat, which he had picked up on an impulse, interested in the realism of the mouse-like eyes and teeth, the covering of real leather.

She handed him a glass. She was still wearing her coat.

Hide in the fireplace, with the live coals dancing through it, the wine became a translucent, golden liquid. Like—like a golden pool of hot blood. He shuddered. Suddenly it felt heavy as lead, and he was hardly even brave to taste it. They drank the dark liquid.

She set her glass on the marble piano. "My name is Bessie," she said casually.

"That's Eric." The last name didn't seem to matter, maybe the first name didn't.

Bessie slipped out of her coat, leaving it at the carpet. A dark evening gown gloved her body up to the throat, and this was more provocative than if the necklace had clung between her breasts.

"Let me see it," she said sharply. And he saw that the bracelet was enormous, the pairing of diamonds, the pale-green—all were a prelude to the desperate sharpness of this emerald.

"It's my repeat pattern." He crossed to the sofa. Turning, still holding the thing in his hand, he asked. "Why aren't you afraid now? You said you were afraid to buy it."

"Oh! Why, I'm very," she said sharply, as though it were quite obvious. "I'm only afraid when I'm alone."

He took the little box from her and held it for a few seconds in both hands without looking, as though making a prayer.

Eric was incomparably excited, but suddenly he realized too, that he was afraid of her.

"What the devil is the thing, anyway? What's so wonderful about it?"

She didn't answer. Then she looked down.

With her two hands, she gripped the waist of the little bit skirt she hadn't known it would cover and, holding it by the waist-hip circles, she looked at the band, glittering eyes and the tiny bared teeth.

The sight of the velvety, caressed wings and a sliver of revelation through them. "How could you be afraid of a thing like that? There could at least you?"

"There are some people," she went on dreamily, "who are so fascinated by blood that they wouldn't be able to stop, and would bleed to death. But I'm not afraid, with you." She looked down at the dress in her hands. "How I remember a bracelet. Look."

She took the obviously fragile wings of the bit around her right wrist, with the only little hand toward the palm. The waist-hip circles looked together. "Pretty?" She

uttered a short, nervous laugh. "Now, me?"

With the palm of her left hand she crushed the boy's hand against her wrist in a convulsive grip. And then she looked up at Eric and smiled. "Ah . . . I" A sharp breath as though in sudden relief at putting away her thoughts. Her mouth close to his, she murmured, as though trying to explain and apologize, too. "You see, you thought it was a boy, but it had left."

Her hands went behind his head, and he knew her.

Then he was aware of a welcome moving along her neck.

It shouldn't have shocked him more, and it didn't. Blood was flowing down her arm from the puncture of the little boy's teeth a half scurvy worm whose fangs had sliced and dropped down the middle of her upper arm into her breast, and seeping into the gown.

A brief spasm of pain passed his own wrist.

"We halting to each other now," she said, her breath hot against his throat.

Then, while he held her, the pain was gone suddenly, and she was pressing his wrist to her lips, and as found herself as though in some remastered assault holding her own wrist to her mouth, tasting her blood. It came to her that he was bleeding and would never stop.

He threw himself from her, and she lay on the floor beside the fire and made no movement. He ran out of the room and down the stairway and into the dark street. Running for his life, he came to the spot where she had found him, and he faltered, as though trying to avoid the spot.

Eric's feet flew backward; he thrust his hands forward to catch himself.

Eric guessed that he was in a hospital.

Also, he guessed that he had been babbling, for he heard his own voice when he awoke. The man standing beside his bed chuckled. "You scared the devil outta me, anyway, for a person who nearly died is death from a scratch."

"Geeze, I was dreaming," Eric said. His voice was slow and strong. "You certainly were," the doctor agreed. "But maybe it wasn't a hat, after all, and maybe there wasn't one at all. Let's just say you got your wrist when you fell, and that you were lucky somebody found you and called an ambulance to take

"If I were a herpetologist, I'd be more useful. A few years ago, you'd have been a goner. Now, thanks to a really blood hank, and a Herpetologist's ingenuity to clot your blood at the wound—well, here you are." The doctor patted his shoulder.

Eric added, "But I'm not surprised you have nightmares about it. If you've spent your life knowing that even a small cut might kill you."

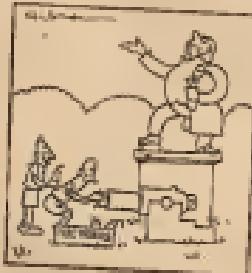
He was released that evening. As he walked out of the hospital, he pocketed his private mystery amulet, trying to make some left-over peace. For one thing, he had no coat. Though, he admitted, he could have left that anywhere. And then, again, he was wearing the Jade ring. The jade shop that much, at least, had been real.

The girl, the little boy, the old house?

The cabin let him out where Eric thought the jade shop should be. There it was; still open, with the little gold-bordered sign over the steps going down to the basement: *Harm Objects-Writin' . . . Overall*.

The weathered old man who owned the place looked past the road.

"You remember me, of course?"



-LAST THOUGHTS AT A  
BACHELOR PARTY

She's gonna get herself married  
as why is me face so red?  
There's lotsa other dames about.  
When all is done and said  
Naples, I'd love and bear it,  
But the Naples is, you see,  
The guy who's gonna marry  
He's not... givin' truth... it's me!

—JAY-PAT

No No

Eric began to recite. "Look, waaa  
I've been right before last! We had  
some drinks together!" He held out  
his right hand. "Didn't I buy the  
ring here?"

"Oh, yes?" The old man smiled.  
"My memory isn't as good as it was  
Don't you like the ring?"

"It's okay, man. Let's not though,  
what she did I buy?"

The comic dealer shrugged. "I  
have many customers. I buy and sell  
many objects. I don't remember."

Eric inhaled. He turned to go, then  
looked back. "Was there a girl at  
home at the same time?" She had  
black hair with a red flower in it,  
the words a few more."

"For sure, sir. I wouldn't remember  
that."

In the next block west, he found  
what must have been the spot where  
he had fallen. The sidewalk was  
clean, but stains still darkened the  
asphalt where, he supposed, his hand  
had crawled over the rock.

He passed no light, no other person.  
He respected one house and

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then another, on down the street,  
until here he came upon one and  
stopped.

There were two steps only, the  
front door being almost at street  
level. He pressed the button, and a  
bell sounded from deep within. But then,  
without waiting for an answer, he  
entered through the unbarred door. No sound of life greeted him.

"Upstairs." His lips formed the  
word, it would have seemed unnatural to say anything aloud here.

He climbed the worn and faded  
stair, leaning enough for two.

He pushed open the door of the  
modest little room on the second  
floor, with Images sitting in an arm-  
chair, not reading or drinking, as  
though she had been waiting. "Hello,"  
she said. "Hello darling."

Images' eyes twinkled and twinkled  
as she threw "Hello, Images," he  
said. "Hello, darling."

"Why did you leave me?" she  
asked.

"I came back," he said. "That  
little time I had I-I think I did  
harm to her. didn't I?"

"It's her. Is that the only reason  
you came back?" The robin's egg  
that seemed only painted with the  
blood brushed her skin. He kissed her.

Images drew away from him,  
reached into a little box on the  
mantelpiece. "Here," she said. "You  
need for that didn't you?"

Eric glanced at the little box hidden  
now in repose. He said, "But you  
wanted it. It's your present from  
me."

He looked up at her, the high  
cheek bones across the blood-red  
lips. "No, darling," she said gently.  
"No, it's yours. You wear it."

"All right," Eric said simply.  
"All right," and held out his wrist,  
looking into the eyes where Always  
and Forever lay.



"Images! Can't you see we're through with you?"

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# The Sport of Kings (and others)



## PLATED OUT BY GIBSON

I know that if I had concentrated enough on the game I would have been a first-class crackpot ...

The reason I did not play football was because at heart I thought football would be more in my line — if I ever got turned to playing the game.

Wrestling would have been right up my alley if I had not

played around with the idea of becoming a champion ice skater — which really never interested me because of my great interest in swimming at that time ...



But there's one sport I do go for in a big way — the greatest sport of all. All you need is a few bottles of beer, a cozy room, and a blonde close that door!

# STRANGER *By and Stranger*



**SPACES FOR SALE** Believe it or not, British ghosts have been marketed as an offbeat draw to earn extra dollars. The British Travel Association has recently listed all the haunted castles and houses in the British Isles and has forwarded the list to American visitors. Charles A. Missall of the British Tourist Office dryly adds: "We can . . . and always will, provide more and better ghosts than anywhere else." On the other hand (probably not to be endorsed), a new British magazine called "Antrum" (devoted to the propagation of superstitions) has sixteen members on its editorial board and journalists and critics ghosts. Executive ghosts include Shakespeare, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Diana (who wrote the journal's first editorial).

**WILFUL WAYS.** William H. Jackson, a professor at the University of George (U.S.), charged in his direct descendant a wren. He seems so obsessed with a white wren that he has built the tree a dead putting stool in full possession of itself and its bird. Equally oblivious was Jeremiah Hobart, of Worcester (U.S.). All his life he had been a middleman, when he died, he bequeathed a sum to pay for a gay party with double money and spurious refreshments; to be held once a year forever. Against this, the omnipotent Mrs. Annie Roosevelt left her two sons one each such "a purchase a rope with which to hang themselves."

**JINGLE-GOLF.** They may be wrong, but members of the Northern Lake Headley golf course seem to have reason to believe that there is the strongest course in the world. The course lies on the Kenya and Abyssinian borders. When it opened in 1926, it consisted of only two holes (one stretching for twenty-seven miles, the other for about eight miles). Rules of the club provide (1) if a hole is open approaching the green may be postponed indefinitely; (2) if a golf ball is a "softball" another may be dropped without penalty; (3) Carts and carts may be regarded as casual hazards and removed before playing the ball.



"He says I could learn to love him if we'd practice a little!"

# arrows with an air



... in the  
day and  
night, many  
of the girls are off to the  
Ferris wheel  
in the city. Here Model Delight  
and Model  
Dawn, both  
of the Ferris  
wheel girls, are  
enjoying the  
air. They are  
dressed in  
light, airy  
clothes, and  
are looking  
out over  
the city.



... and, like  
Dawn, who held  
a small object  
in her hand,  
anything that  
they see  
in the air,  
they are  
sure to shoot  
it down.

By the way, they  
are dressed  
in small light  
clothes, and  
have the arrows  
they come to shoot  
at the Ferris  
wheel. Who  
knows where?



What's that? A tribe of sky  
Witches? Trolls on the side? But  
Dwight isn't showing any undue  
anxiety. It may be her knowl-  
edge of Fatty's accuracy . . . or it  
may be just the opposite. But who  
cares anyway? Darned, let that stock  
lose . . . until we run into a customer,  
if necessary.

## pointers to

# BETTER HEALTH

### REDUCE . . .

When a person is overweight, he is asking his heart to pump more blood to supply the fat. At the same time, extra work is being put on the heart by the extra weight carried by the body. By cutting down on the amount of food he eats, the person will slow the heart rate, lower blood pressure, lessen the rate of breathing . . . all of which are the results of reducing excess fat. If, in addition, regular exercise is taken, the heart muscles and all other muscles will be strengthened, the fat is utilized much as being exchanged for muscle in useful tasks.

### TRUTH MOUTH . . .

During World War I, a disease very tragic common was "Truth Mouth" (Vaccinia's vagrant). Symptoms consisted of bleeding gums, a remarkable colour of the breath and a bad taste in the mouth. The malady is caused by two varieties of organisms which attack the mouth when it is not kept clean by rinsing after meals and by brushing the teeth. When the first symptoms appear, antibiotic home-treatment can be applied by using a fresh solution of hydrogen peroxide diluted with one-half water. Some doctors, however, think that care upset to the bodily system is to blame.

### WEAKER MEN . . .

An investigation at Mayo Clinic (U.S.) has revealed that man is really weaker than women and has life-spans shorter. The reason seems to be that men work harder and are more irregular in taking food and rest. Another factor is that a man's work takes him away from home each day. Most men must be very weak or ill before they will return at home. These same men are often on their feet for one, two or even three days after an illness has begun. This means that their vitality, their heart service which they need, is right on the crest, being used up in their daily work, leaving them nothing with which to fight their sickness.

### FLU EXHAUSTION . . .

Physicians who treated influenza patients during the disastrous 1918-1919 epidemic (and other smaller epidemics all around the great prostration (exhaustion) that occurs although most patients recover. The "acid feelings" sometimes remain for several weeks. The doctors said that all patients recovering from influenza should not go full-strength for two or three weeks after recovery, since influenza often damages the heart muscle. So relax, brothers, if you wish to recuperate.

# the secret of sun yat-sen

Perhaps only one of the setting  
members of government could say  
what was hidden in the red coffin.

HUGH MILLINGTON



MANY noblemen from foreign countries were present at the funeral of Dr Sun Yat-sen—founder of the Chinese Republic—but perhaps only one knew he was not in his coffin when it was carried through the streets of Peking to its resting place in the Purple City, in 1925.

Yet it happened before their eyes. The sarcophagus coffin was one of those queer fronts of deep-sawing so glorified in the Orient.

The funeral of the Father of the Chinese Republic made world news, there were Presidents present from the greatest news agencies and many

papers I was there among them. I could have made a world scoop—if I had been able to substantiate a report which I had just received.

Dr Sun, I had heard, was still living in his death-bed while his funeral procession was wending its way to a temporary mausoleum in the Imperial Palace.

I subsequently did confirm the report, and learned the reason why.

But in case too late then. So I left the city here.

Sun Yat-sen was a Christian, his principal follower was not. When he lay dying from cancer he told

his berefted to give him a Christian funeral. They prepared . . . with a mortal reverence . . . that they would terribly help that work. For the funeral procession would be definitely Chinese.

And so it was.

A Christian Minister held a service over Sun's body while a boy was dressed. The body was still on the bed when the funeral procession later proceeded to the palace.

Without immediately behind the coffin was the Soviet Ambassador, Koutchouk, independently received by Sun when the Great Purge Koutchouk had ordered a special crystal coffin, similar to that in which Lenin had been entombed, to be sent to acting Sun's Mausoleum as a permanent tomb for Sun Yat-sen.

The accusation was probably the legend that has ever been seen in the ancient capital. There were thousands of rumours, many of whom paid these last respects when the coffin was placed on the sarcophagus in the Imperial City.

They stood at the foot of the coffin and—according to custom—knocked three times to the doorway when they believed it to be wide. They were then invited out of a side door.

I was one of the receivers. The next day a woman friend who was a widow asked me to accompany her to the Forbidden City. I did, and for the second time I made obeisance to the dragon. On this occasion we were all invited to walk to the head of the coffin. We looked down through the glass window, and saw the wax-like hand of Sun Yat-sen.

Subsequently I learned that Sun's body had been taken from the sarcophagus at night and was then placed in the coffin.

Hence Dr Sun had a Christian

funeral and a Chinese procession.

When the crystal coffin eventually arrived in Peking from Tientsin, Sun's body was placed in it and taken to the Western Hills, about 15 miles away. It remained there for three years—until the rains were astrologically propitious—when it was conveyed to its final burial place at Nanking.

I was one of the last white men to speak to Dr Sun Yat-sen while he was in his death-bed. It was while he was being carried out of the famous French hotel to the Chinese house in which he died. He was lying on a stretcher, but whether or not he knew that he was buried the end I cannot say.

A few weeks previously he had told me and other Foreigners the purpose of the Chinese revolution. It was not, he said, to establish a republic but to overthrow the Manchu dynasty and to restore the Chinese monarchy.

Dr Sun's statement is perfectly substantiated by the fact that after the Boxer Uprising had been suppressed in the Imperial Palace, Sun's first mission took him to the Manchu temple where ancient Chinese monarchs were buried. There he told me that the Manchu emperors had been overthrown and that China was again a Chinese empire.

The epitaph of Dr Sun's address was as follows:

"The dragon croaks in mystery as of old and the tiger surveys his domain and his ancient capital. We could not have wished this victory had not Your Majesties' souls, in Heaven, bestowed upon us protection and assistance. We have come here today to inform Your Majesties of the final victory."

I interviewed Dr Sun Yat-sen soon after he was driven out of Old Canton by a civil war-leader. Sun

escaped to Hongkong as a British gun-boat and sailed to Shanghai.

He said that Chou would probably well be a Manchu emperor of his little sister's feet had not pinched her and made her cry when he was a boy. He had been told it was the Manchu dynasty which had ordered that Sumatra fort should never stand that were vastly too small for their founders he decided to abolish the Manchu rulers.

All his thoughts from that time were concentrated in one direction and, as a result, women in China need no longer wear shoes that are too small for them—though many of them still do.

Yet Dr. Sun had no direct connection with the actual revolution which unseated the Republic. He was abroad at the time, and the resolution was curiously complete when he returned to his homeland.

He had conceived some quite a youngster against the Manchus, who had long been under the autocratic rule of the wicked old Emperor Kuan-pao Tzu Hsu. After Sun had passed his doctorate examination in Hongkong, he wanted England where he sought to enlist the services of his fellow-countrymen. Then he disappeared.

He had been kidnapped by the Chinese entry in London and was imprisoned in the Legion. The Chinese Minister intended to ship Sun back to China, where he would pay the extreme penalty of "death from the thousand cuts" . . . a highly improbable execution.

On a box stamp of paper Sun scribbled a note addressed to an old English friend he had known in Hongkong—Dr. Curtis. He threw the paper out of his window, and it was picked up by a boy who took it to the doctor.

On reading the message, the alarmist

old Curtis took it to Lord Salisbury, then British Foreign Minister. He urged that the police enter the Legation and release the prisoner. Lord Salisbury, however, said that all foreign legations were neutral.

Diplomacy, however, would no doubt overcome the difficulty. Salisbury created the Chinese army to call on him, and informed him that the British Parliament would undoubtedly refuse to sustain a law if Chou unseated Sun Yat-sen was released.

The capture was promptly given up freedom.

He visited America and the Hawaiian Islands, and he was about to return to China to draw up the final plan for the overthrow of the Manchus when a bomb exploded in a Russian residence at Washington on the Potomac River.

The Chinese revolution had commenced.

Sun Yat-sen finally returned to China. The Manchu dynasty was overthrown, and little girls no longer cried from crippled feet.

Although Sun Yat-sen was unusually elected Provisional Chief Executive of the newly-established Republic, he term of office was brief. He stepped down from his presidential seat and gave it to Marshal Yuan Shih-kai, who promptly plotted to make himself Emperor of China. He failed, and died of a broken heart.

There were other equally ridiculous variants, who had staves similar to those of Sun. That was why the use of civil were discontinued and has never been used.

One of the squabbling upstarts was Marshal Tso Huai, who helped Marshal of the Chinese Parliament with 2,000 dollars a vote to elect him to the presidential chair. The Marshal attained the office, but was overthrown after a bloody coup

that during which he was arrested and imprisoned in the Imperial Palace.

He was succeeded by Marshal Chen Chi-jen (pronounced Chen Chi-shui), who was a close friend and ardent follower of Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

When Chiang was elected President, Dr. Sun Yat-sen visited him in Peking and offered his military and financial support. Dr. Sun, however, was a sick man. He knew that his end was near.

He stayed at a famous French hotel in Peking. Although there was no reason for him to change his residence, Chinese superstitious had to be considered. It was customary to tradition that an eminent Chinese citizen should breathe his last in a foreign domicile. Hence Sun was removed to the house of Dr. Wellington Koo, who later was Ambassador to the United States.

There he died . . . and his followers prepared two funerals.

## FOOD FOR PLAY

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



“OH, MAMA! IS THAT A BIGGER WATER-MELON? I WANT IT FOR MYSELF.”



“MAMA! OH, THAT’S SMALL! WHERE’S THE BIGGER ONE? I WANT IT FOR MYSELF.”



“MAMA! OH, THAT’S SMALL! WHERE’S THE BIGGER ONE? I WANT IT FOR MYSELF.”



“MAMA! OH, THAT’S SMALL! WHERE’S THE BIGGER ONE? I WANT IT FOR MYSELF.”



“MAMA! OH, THAT’S SMALL! WHERE’S THE BIGGER ONE? I WANT IT FOR MYSELF.”

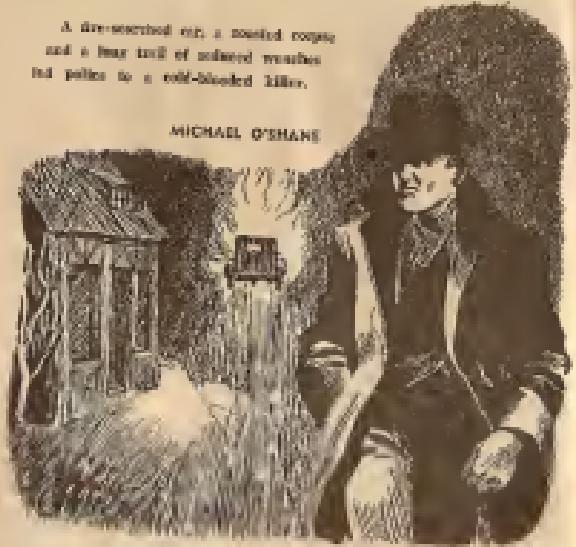


“MAMA! OH, THAT’S SMALL! WHERE’S THE BIGGER ONE? I WANT IT FOR MYSELF.”

# DEATH BY PROXY

A disengaged car, a mangled corpse and a long trail of colored wreaths led police to a cold-blooded killer.

MICHAEL O'HANANE



"WHAT'S that noise up there?" William Rudy spoke loudly. He did not expect his master, Alfred Thomas Brown, to answer; he limped his way to carry to a well-dressed, tan leather, man approaching them in the darkness at 2 a.m. on 6th November, 1951.

The master had just turned from the London Road into the long leading to the village of Hareington when they first saw the stranger and the noise. The stranger did not

move at once; he turned, put them fairly and kept on walking. "It looks as if someone has a good handle along there," he sang back at them over his shoulder.

A few hours earlier the answer might have been enough, for Mr. November was Guy Fawkes night, and the village of Hareington, near Northampton, celebrated with traditional bonfires.

But Jenkins should have been out long since. This man turned to

new bigger ones around. The master was suspicious, they watched the stranger walk towards the London Road. He took a few steps in the direction of Northampton, then he turned back and stood watching the village men. They turned off long the road, but over their shoulders they saw the stranger walk off along the London Road.

When Brown and Rudy reached the fire, the flames were leaping fifteen feet into the air. A radio car was absent.

"I think we'd better get your master," Rudy said.

Rudy's master was the Parish Constable. By the time the three returned from the village, the fire had died down.

On the front seat of the car was the charred body of a man.

The body was slouched along the seat with the left leg bent back under the trunk. The left foot was burned off at the ankle and the right one was bent across the others. There was no skin on the body, except a little on the ribcage.

Later, a wooden match was found set fire from the sun; it had strands of human hair adhering to its head.

Constable Rudy telephoned for Inspector Lawrence of the Northamptonshire Constabulary. The police wrapped the charred human remains in muslin and removed them to Northampton General Hospital.

By some queer chance the unfortunate master of the car had not been discovered. It was 10.10 a.m., regarded as the name of Alfred Arthur House, of Second Road, Finedon. When the police called on her on the afternoon of 6th November, Mrs. Brown was unable to tell them the exact whereabouts of her husband. He had left his home on Guy Fawkes night to drive to London to see his employer. Her

husband was a commercial traveller covering a wide territory, she added.

House's car at the time was thirty-six. The charred body might possibly have been that of House; but the corpse strongly suggested a much older man, not of about forty-five.

More startling, a fragment of clothing had survived a fire that had turned a human body beyond recognition. It had been pressed tightly between the left leg and the ribcage. The garment had been soaked in petrol and still retained its form. The police began a hunt for Alfred Arthur House.

On 10th November word came from distant Gloucester, in Massachusetts, that a man answering House's description had boarded the Cardiff to London bus. At 8.30 p.m. two plainclothes policemen stopped the bus at Birminghams Bridge and advised the suspect to come with them to the police station. The man admitted that he was House.

House also said that he was the "Indian stranger" in Hareington Lane. He had picked up a man on the Great North Road. The man said that he was going to the Midlands. He was about forty years of age, five feet eight tall, of medium build, clean shaven, with fresh complexion, and dark hair.

Now Hareington, House wrote on, he had lost his way. The engine was sputtering, and he had to stop. He got out of the car, loosened the cap of a petrol can with a nail, and asked the man to fill the tank while he walked along the road. The man agreed and asked him for another can. House gave him still the can, and he had matches. House walked along the road.

Glancing back, he had seen the car in flames. He ran back. Seeing the gas in the car, he tried to open the door. The fire drove him back. He

want to get help, but when he met the two young men he lost his nerve.

The police were suspicious. They delved into Roane's history.

Born in 1894, Roane—at the age of seventeen—began to live with an aged. In 1914, he enlisted in the Army, and four months later he married a Miss Matheson. He went to France in March, 1916.

In May he was severely wounded in the head and the thigh and discharged medically unfit. During the two months he spent in France he seduced a girl who later gave birth to a child.

After trying various jobs without success, Roane became a commercial traveller and, in 1920, was earning about £200 a year.

Police also found that, on discharge from the service, Roane had joined into one of the most notorious circles of seducers in criminal history. His technique was to seduce young girls who were tired with an understandable ambition to marry above their station in life. They were very much for a man who was a plausible boy. Roane seduced at least eighty women and girls between 1916 and 1930.

Apart from the child in France, Roane was the father of a child born in Edinburgh on 21st October, 1921, to a fourteen-year-old girl. In November, 1924, he went through the form of marriage with the girl at St. Mary's Church, Birkington, and in July, 1926, another child was born.

On 25th May, 1928, a servant-girl, aged seventeen, gave birth to a child. Roane had pretended to marry her, too. On 25th October, 1928, she had a second child at City of London Maternity Hospital. She was discharged earlier than expected, shortly in November—Roane had to find her a home in London.

Many other women, particularly in

the Midlands and the South of England, had fallen victims to Roane's machinations. Indeed, in October, 1930, Roane stated that his expenses were so high that he was forced with pain. Out of £100 a year, he was paying £25 a week for his car, £10 a week for house purchase, £2 a week housekeeping to his wife and £10 for his illegitimate child.

The police were satisfied. Roane was charged with the murder of a man unknown.

On 20th January, 1931, he was convicted of murder. He appealed, but the appeal was dismissed on 2nd February. Roane was executed on 10th March, 1931.

On 11th March, the "Daily Mirror" published a confession. In it, Roane admitted that he had picked up a man outside the "Team and Pintress" in Whetstone Road. He was a man "you would never guess." Roane had seen him only once before, and he met him by appointment on Guy Fawkes night.

Near Hertingfordbury, Roane had arranged his passenger. He had then poured petrol over the man and the car and lit a trail of petrol for a few yards. He had lit the end and burned away. A passing lorry had given him a lift to London. Having purchased a hat in the city, he had caught a bus to Goldfinger. He gave no clue to the watershed map.

The best theories advanced to explain the crime is that Roane, being in a hopeless position, had intended to suicide, but had settled upon the choice of having a passenger to take a suicide.

He had a near-perfect set-up for a double-burn but, under the strain of the chase, racing with the two young men in Hertingfordbury Lane, he never cracked. His own weakness had upset his careful plan for a death by proxy.



"All right, now, Parker  
that's not your big idea."



## A COMPACT three bedroom home

Although economic factors have caused the two-bedroom house to be accepted as the general standard, threebedroom are a desirable minimum for the majority of Australian families.

CAVALCADE suggests this month a compact arrangement for such a home.

In accord with the trend towards outdoor living, the rooms are grouped in an "L" shaped plan about a sunken paved terrace. From the entrance hall there is direct access to the living room, which is divided

from the dining room merely by a fireplace.

Large glass doors from the living room open out on to the terrace. The three bedrooms are located in a group in one wing of the "L" with the bathroom handy to all the bedrooms.

Each bedroom has its own built-in wardrobe and in addition there is a linen and coat cupboard in the main hall.

The overall area of this house is 1,615 square feet, and the minimum required frontage to accommodate it is 60 feet.

THE PLANS AT YOUR SERVICE  
PREMIER 2, N. WATSON SHIP, ALABAMA



# PARADE AT THE PILLORY

A jubilant citizen inhaled with dead oaks and ripened turnips in the interests of justice

JACK PEARSON



THE unchristian Saxon . . . who were in the habit of cutting a spike or a spike or any number of asperged shovels . . . referred kindly (but appropriately) to the stocks as "the neck-stretcher." On the other hand, the Normans who conquered the Saxon preferred—with a truly Gothic tendency to disguise unpleasant matters under delicate titles—to describe it as "the pillory" . . . under which name it continued to spread alarm and despair (as well as considerable innocent merriment) for those who were not personally subjected to it through 300 years of British history.

It was one of the country's more

popular punishments and pleasures and it even received the blessing of the legal (though bloody) minded King Edward the First who highly recommended that the device should be "strongly constructed so that it would correct while avoiding damage to the bodies of the offenders."

Judging from extant specimens, however, this may be taken as a vivid example of the King's wishful thinking. In its simplest form, the pillory consisted of wooden frame, suspended by a post resting on a stool, in the centre of the frame was carved a round hole (about the size of an average neck) and on either side of this were two other holes (about the

size of man-or-less average width).

The frame was divided into two halves, the line of separation passing through the centres of the three holes.

When some unhappy offender was committed to the pillory, the upper half of the frame was joined; his neck was inserted into the largest hole and his wrists into the two on each side. The upper frame was then clamped down and locked in position.

If the offender happened to be over-tall, he was forced to bump his back into a cross to avoid brushing his spine; if he was abnormally short, he was compelled to stand on tiptoe or straddle. Sentences might extend from hours into days . . . and the proceedings were invariably overseen by none of exalted citizenry who arrived at the scene with a shaven selection of rotten vegetables, over-ripe hawthorn, dead rats and dogs and so much sewerage (plentiful enough in those days as could be collected from the gutter). That emanation they then dumped at the culprit in a howling torrent.

Almost every English hamlet . . . and certainly every British town . . . had a pillory, while more populous localities prided themselves in even more elaborate contrivances . . . large round affairs capable of holding a dozen people at once. Naturally, these structures increased larger and still more unnatural crowds of hooligans.

Much as it may distress members of the theatrical profession and manufacturers of patent medicines, old chroniclers claim that the pillory was first used to chastise "moucheants and quacko's, that, having gotten upon formes and buckes to abuse the people, were exiled in the same kind."

But its efficacy was so plainly obvious that the pillory was soon being applied for other offences.

For instance, it is recorded that, in

1291, Robert Bassett, the Sheriff of London, "caused diverse bakers to be sent to the pillory for making bread of light weight" (no doubt thus ensuring buns fit to all succeeding housewives).

It may, indeed, have been the Sheriff's undying popularity that caused the lot of gallant offenders to increase at an astonishing speed.

One man (we're told, it all sounds authentically punishment) for protesting to be a sheriff's officer and arresting several apparel shopkeepers "for breaking of the city regulations."

Another—let us take the kindly view and assume that he was a man-made practical joker—stood on the stool for "having represented himself as an officer of the Archbishop of Canterbury and summoning the inoffensive Priories of Clerkenwell to appear before an ecclesiastical court of law."

Many others paid the penalty of their own bad judgment in "bumping a stringy weasel whom she was unawares."

Then, around 1550, the first prancing neophytes began to pack up festive heads. A shriek of instantaneous joy burst from the keepers of the pillory.

With the untrained encouragement of Archbishop Laud, the Inquisitor Star Chamber passed a decree prohibiting the printing of any book or pamphlet without a license from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London and two universities.

A swollen stream of disseminators publishers immediately began to pour in the direction of the pillory. (Those who could still stand after their release were also whipped through the streets of London).

Notable among them was a Master Leighton who . . . on the strength of printing an almost unreadable mass

IT was late at night. From the dim recesses of a long street rang raucous sounds of revelry. A car came wending its way along the road towards the city. As it was winding like a four-wheeled centipede among the trees lining the driveway, its passengers shouted a greeting, "Hey! What'll you do?" he replied, "Korpl! back off the road, offhander" came the rambling reply.

Indeed "What'll You Do Against Poverty" . . . was fined \$10,000, pilloried, flogged, whipped, had his ears cut off and his nose slit.

Choosing his battle staggered Maxine. Warner and Lohman, staggered rather rapidly—with publications "without works." Though they had been exposed through the streets from Fleet Street to Westminster Palace, Maxine Lohman rapidly demonstrated that "she was a man of no mean sterns. He never had he been sharper in the pilly than he declared for "borders in arms."

Despite his obvious disarray, he began to distribute his pamphlets, at the same time trying to subdue that the disgruntled officers had to pay him.

A fourth, less-cutesome publisher—Dr. Eastwick—followed these, condemned for practically the same offense. He stood for two hours on the pilly. When they lopped off his ears, his wife clutched us to the steel bands him; blood had wrapped his injured ears in a leathern bandage;

and tenderly carried them away. Perhaps to lend a touch of variety to the frequent procession of anti-tax publishers, the authorities arrested a Master William Payne on that time and a stand of armed billy-clubbers must have arose from the neighboring cottages when long-drawn-out voices traveling players were slapping their last sleep. Master Payne, it seems, had been guilty of writing a broadsheet denouncing royal play. Unfortunately for him, the Queen, Elizabeth Blears, was an ardent amateur actress. Master Payne's playhouse was reported as a most ungodly place, not only as a bawdy but also as a bawdy bawdy. His ears, too, were added to the rapidly accumulating collection of the pilly callers.

Still, the members of the pilly did not always have things their own way. In 1702, a review of \$50 was offered for the arrest of "a spav, bawdy, scrofulous, ill-bred, fat-finger," who had been reckless enough to print a new page of libel, intitled "The Shortest Way With Dissenters." The "bawdy, scrofulous, ill-bred, fat-finger" anticipated many steps by surrendering himself to the jurisdiction. It was then discovered that he was none other than Daniel ("Robinson Crusoe") Defoe.

Apparently, the authorities had a poor opinion of "Robinson Crusoe." At all events, they had no hesitancy in sending Defoe to the pilly.

An awful, an angry crowd gathered, armed with a wide assortment of missiles. But . . . very unusually . . . the missiles on this occasion were not rotten vegetable ribs and the corpus of warped dung, dung and ratty trash; the mob had come laden with flowers. With these, they pelted Defoe as long as he stood in the stool, the while he crooned to them his "Hymn To The Pilley," in

the strains of which all present joined with him.

Tell me the men that placed him here

Are scoundrels in the threes;

Are all of them in flight like galli . . .

And can't convert the citizens.

There was also a certain Miss Rosamond or other Rosamond. Perhaps the name of them all was Mr. George Miller, "the man with thirty wives?"

On the roost, George must have been one of the fastest wags of all time. He is alleged to have "married" thirty women in as many weeks, with special emphasis on lonely housewives.

It was his ready wit to address a love-letter to some bewigged domino whose address he had secured, declaring that he was a "giant of love at least eight feet. He had the widest, roundest, roundest, roundest, the girth of his heart in the street; but he had been immediately smitten in consequence of her "sheekness, prettiness and over-adoring fervor," he would beg an interview.

Groups of quid-pain were raised by wretched eager to reply.

George would attend the interview, looking more jolly and wacky-hopeful than any sot. Romeo now continued to be with, with wretched pain, would smile an agonized, "I-couldn't-live-without-you" attitude.

His love must have been unquenchable, for each wretched sheet enveloped the writer in her hots to be hotted.

George would then gallantly "show her in season unto his audience" and arrange for a "marriage ceremony." (An London was littered with bachelors and unfrocked persons, this drive was surely successful). For a short time, the plighted pair would gallop in their love-must-matched by George. Then, one day—the honeymoon over (at least, as far as George

was concerned)—the blushing bride would arrive to find the other side of the bed cold and empty . . . with no sign of George and not a little sign of whatever jolts she had possessed.

With it comes, George's actions would subside. Unluckily, his forty-first was a distinct disappointment for George anyway. She was a woman who took the names of you except George) and her memory was embodied in a double-buckled ank. George had spurned one look and was struggling with the sexual when she caught him. Love, and George flew out the window simultaneously . . . into the arms of a cold-looking angel of constabulary.

A justly-annoyed Borelli severely ordered George to the nearest pilly. All his thirty "wives" —plus a numerous assortment of their friends and relatives—attended the ceremony—much to George's distress.

Women are notoriously not good throwers but here they didn't need to be armed with whatever they could find in the streets. They scattered the steel bands George had plastered here at point-blank range.

A snapshot of the scene dated 1810, it is entitled "A Warning To The Fair Sex, or The Matrimonial Disaster," being the history of the noted George Miller, who was married to upwards of thirty different women on purpose to plunder them."

The illustration shows a crowd of exposed females striping nude and bawdy till from the gather, while George lies face covered with garments in screeching pitifully for mercy.

Still, all good things must come to an end. In 1810, the pilly closed its last victim. Seven years later, an Act of Parliament abolished the vice forever.



- **Coffee-Shape Conversation.** An epithet of a man who insists on talking to you about himself when you're going to talk to him about yourself - Our Social Comet. You're drunk when you feel sophisticated and can't pronounce it - **Domestic Settings.** No wife cares how much her husband stays away from home in the daytime - When children are quiet, it doesn't always mean that they're pleasure-mad, often they're only playing dumb about what they've done already - Our Five-Civil says that adolescence is the era when you begin noticing that the cowboy in the Western world likes the horns instead of the horns - **Traffic Signals.** We know a man who claims that he'll always own the dealer something on the second-hand car he bought till he's a grampa - Which reminds us that some men have a case if they were responsible for an accident - According to Our Town Doctor and-Teeth Specialist, the nose is the part of the human body that sneezes, coughs, sneezes and snoops - On the other hand, Our Family Doctor claims that thousands of germs live in one dirty back-bone, in half-dressed citizens, we'd like to know how they manage at a And, while we're being medical, might we quote the opinion on a certain tribe the rich tycoons who arrived today? "He owned his station to his first wife and his second wife to his success" - **Who: Every Man Should Know.** The longest life years of a woman's life are between 25 and 30 - A U.S. judge insists that the modern father sees two-thirds of his daughter; if he took a small dose the back, he'd see practically all of her - **State of the Nation.** Even shorts seem to be inflicted by present-day sporting, like we heard about goes round encourage "I couldn't make love" - Our Coffee Man has concluded that the most dedicated girls are those who marry because they're tired of working - **Silently the Other-Worlders.** A really dumb blonde was the one who was only charged half-price by a mind-reader - Fashion experts claim that modern clothes have a splendid finish . . . maybe, but their starting price is amateur.

OUR SHORT STORY: A couple celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary at a night-club were observed to be holding hands. Romantic? "Not a bit of it," admits a friend. "If they leave go they'll kill each other."

# THE THIEVING RING

SCRIPT BY  
BOB HAZARD  
DRAWN BY  
GUY GIBSON



CASH ASKED THE GIRL TO  
TAKE HIM TO THE MANAGER  
TO DISCUSS THE DELIVERY  
OF A VERY BIG PARCEL OF  
GEMS.



WHILE HE CHATTERED,  
THE GIRL HAD TIME TO  
TAKE IN THE OPPORTUNITY  
OF SITTING UP THE MANAGER  
WHICH SHE DID.



HE'S TELLING ME TO MY  
FRIENDS THAT HE'S THE  
MANAGER OF THE JEWELRY  
COMPANY. BUT NOBODY  
MUST KNOW BUT YOU.



I'VE STUDIED THE RE-  
PORTS OF THE THEFT, AND  
IT LOOKS TO ME AS  
THOUGH THERE IS PHONE  
CO-OPERATION.



HAVING TAKEN THE MAN-  
AGER INTO HIS CONF-  
IDENCE, CASH TELL HIM  
THE GIRL REFUSED TO  
LEAVE.



THE MANAGER HAS TAKEN  
ME ON HIS OWN HANDS  
ABOUT MY GIRL, BUT  
I'D LIKE TO BUY YOU A  
DRINK.



I DON'T WANT TO HARM  
YOUR BOY FRIEND,  
BUT YOU  
MAY AS WELL TALK  
TO ME...

CLARE JONES IS THE  
NAME - AND THE REASON  
NO BOY FRIEND.



CLARE FOLLOWED BINK  
AND CASH, HIS MIND  
AT WORK, WONDERING  
HOW CASH COULD GET  
AWAY WITH IT. SHE  
WAS WEARIED TO HOLD  
HER VOICE SO WELL.



CASH WENT ON TO THE  
JEWELLER'S OFFICE.  
ALSO, AT HIS DESK,  
CLIMBED THROUGH THE  
DOCUMENTS OF THE JEWELLER,  
AND OF COURSE HE  
FINDS THEY ARE ALL IN ORDER.



NO BOY FRIEND, HOW  
COME THE RING IS  
CHANGED TO  
MY FRIEND?

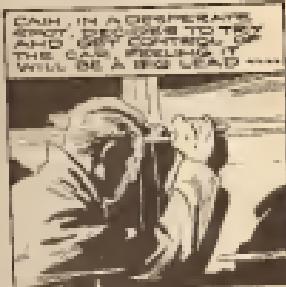
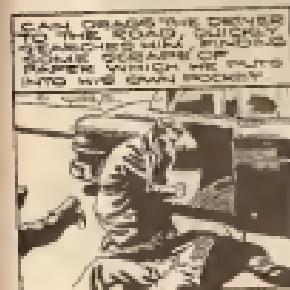
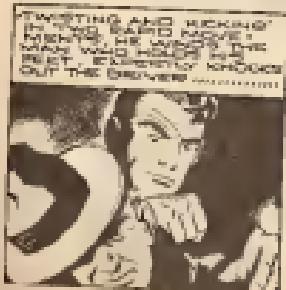


FINALLY CASH AND THE  
GIRL STEPPED OUT  
INTO THE HALL TO MEET  
MRS. FEATH. THEN SHE  
TURNED TO CLARE JONES.



CLARE FEELS WITH WHAT WE  
LEARNED IN THE MANAGER'S  
OFFICE, CASH DECIDES  
TO GET PAID. SHE WILL HAVE  
TO GET PAID BY  
CUSTOMERS. HE LEAVES  
THE STORE.







WITH THE KIDS STILL IN THE  
BACK, THE LOON CAIN HAD  
NO CHOICE BUT TO TURN THE  
CAR AND GET OUT OF THE  
LINE OF FIRE.



THE BULLETS THAT CHARGE  
HAD ALREADY HIT A CENTERPIECE.



NO WISDOM THERE, CAN  
MANAGE HEADQUARTERS IN  
RECORD TIME AND GET  
PULLED BY THE CAR OWNERS.



"THREE 'TEN' 45'S BLOWN  
AWAY BY THE LOON. HE'S  
GONE TO THE POLICE STATION  
TO GET A COUPLE OF CLOTHES.



THIS IS AN HOLOCAUST  
CLOUD. THE ONLY POLICE  
ACTION IS TO RECALL  
ON ME. I GOT TO CALL  
HOME TO SEE THE BIRD'S  
TO CATCH OUT OF THE  
CLOUD.



SHOOT SLEEP IS OUT SHORT  
BY THE TELEPHONE.....  
REACH A SPEECHING WE  
HAVE THE OWNERS OF THE  
CAR....



THE AVAILEAGE, JUN. 1951



FOR SURE, THE LOON HAS  
STOLEN A COUPLE OF  
CLOTHES. PROBABLY THAT'S  
WHAT HE'S DOING...



HELLO, HOW WE GO  
SOME PLACE BUST. I LIKE  
TO VILIFY MY CLOTHING  
HABITS.





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It was over once I nearly plugged Steve as he came in from the guard-post.

To begin with there were five suspects, including a butler. That made it an orthodox pulp-magazine-style murder mystery, except for one important fact—so far there had been no murder. There was also the point that one of the suspects was also the victim's corpse, still very much alive and more than ever hideous.

You've heard of Justin Fosdy? All right, I know he died—I was there at the time. But when the story starts he was only a devious and execrable old fount who was in full possession of his faculties, a tidy little bank balance running into six or seven figures, a large old house

in the High Mountains—and a completely-worded invitation to death.

The creation which presented to Headquarters looked like the number of other summoning letters we have on our file—plain, cheap paper, words formed of letters cut from newspaper and pasted into position. It stood simply, "This is to notify Justin Fosdy that a rendezvous with death has been arranged for him at 11 p.m. on Sunday, April 1, at wherever he happens to be situated at that time. No reply is necessary."

Barry Dolley and Steve Hollis and I interviewed the old man in his plush Cathcart Street office. In

CLIFFORD B. MINTONPLAY • FICTION

The old suspect had a seven-figure bank-account. Death paid a visit

ODDINWATER, a village in Holland, has a public assize for weighing watches. The scales date back to the sixteenth century, when the residents Oddinwater brought out to compare the then current watch weights. The method was simple and can still be followed. Any one accused of watch盱t can be tried at the Watch Master assizes and there he is too heavy to ride a horse—such there is an immediate acquittal.

was unusual for three men to be assigned one job like this, but the Chief explained a rough analysis "a little bit of leg-work, a little bit of aviation." The sense of humor, the Chief had!

Justin Fosdy was a bit different from what I expected. For one thing, he did not appear freshly warred, or if he was, he was not letting it get him down. He was a large heavy man with close-cropped grey hair and the most danting John L. Lewis-type eyebrows. He had come up the hard way in the steel industry, and looked as if he had plenty of fight left. Not the kind of man to peace unconditionally.

"Glad to know you followed" he began when we introduced ourselves. "You glad the Department takes me seriously—far from it. The last of pulling for help. I reported this because it seemed to be the thing to do. Men would look a damn fool if he got killed without taking elementary precautions, eh?"

"You sir," said Steve. "I under-

stood the note was posted from Central yesterday evening. So far we have no clues. We thought you might have an idea."

The gray eyebrows twinkled. "Certainly not. If I had the slightest idea! I would deal with names myself! A man in my position has many enemies, afterwards I discovered a few of 'em would like to eat my throat. But they haven't the guts, yet. Not even game to run me down 'homicidally' in the street, let alone let me know their calling."

"And—where will you be on the night of April 27?"

The old man glared at us for a moment, then threw himself back as he padded farther down. "Now you people have been warned, I see no reason to depart from my usual practice. I shall be at my country house."

"Look, sir," Steve interjected. "We think that would be wise! After all, alone in an isolated house?"

"Who said alone?" snapped Fosdy. "There will be four people in the house besides myself—my two personal bodyguards, my secretary, and my butler. There is a fifth. We can't overlook the possibility that Fosdy is working that for some shadow purpose of his own."

The butler—well, was next, a big burly fellow who had been in Fosdy's service about twenty years. He might have been a bodyguard himself until he got a bit past it. In any case he was a good servant. He kept his mouth shut and his answers on the line. I had an idea he didn't like us. There had been times over the last twenty years when the police had shown quite a dash of interest in the doings of Justin Fosdy.

The secretary Charles Colver Maxwell, the word said, was a rabbit. He was a pale little man with radiating veins and freckled hands, which he kept nervously twisting while we questioned him. I was prepared to write him off at once, for he had all the commoner citizen's nervousness when faced with the police. His replies were plausable and he seemed perfectly content to please. We treated him of qualify after established our workable point—he had been working for Fosdy just on seven years.

The old man himself? But what an earth?"

Steve grimaced. "If you want more hard reading, look up the old boy's pastime you won't find all of it in the Mitchell Library. Believe me, Ned Kelly got his for less. Justin Fosdy is a pillar of society next to us that other guys, Henry Morgan, when he snuffed out!"

In the next few days we ran a thorough check on all five of them. The bodyguards were easy. Tim McNamee I could have reached for myself, any day, and Dennis O'Hagan also had a fine record on the force. Neither of them could tell us a thing. They had been added to Fosdy's payroll after the second note and as far as they were concerned, the job was money for Jesus. We gave them a clean bill and added them to our side.

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Fosdy's own past predicted a lot of trouble but no progress. We found a dozen men who might have thought they had just come to kill him, but not one who was a likely suspect. Some were dead, others were aged and infirm. Two or three were almost as wealthy and vulnerable as he was. And, just to copper the bit, there didn't seem to be any lead in the killing which could be financed by a fake assassination attempt.

On the Sunday morning, as we drove through Wissler and Hickman and on up the Karrangang road towards Mount Tomah, we ran over the case and found nothing to congratulate ourselves about.

"It's a mess," said Berry. "There isn't gonna be no murder. Some ratting but nothing of steam."

Steve laughed. "Headquarters

don't think so. They've given us an eye to hide round the greatest blight—and they don't really attach much importance to weak letters. Remember, it happened three times before."

"Be Austin well. A plenty, eh, Dick?"

"I don't know," I said. "I'd be happier if those police were assigned with some legal power or slogan. Sounds a bit cold and unkind to me—as if persons were trying to break the old boy down. Wish to hell he'd stayed in the city!"

Steve shook his head. "Don't agree with you there. This is a particularly setup for us, with the press, positive stories tucked away in a box on the wilderness and two sets loads of rope covering him. Nobody but a crazy man would try anything."

"All murderers are partly mad," Harry said. "What the hell! Who's gonna marry, and an double-trooper?"

The house lived up to Austin Persico's fabrication magnificently. It was a huge rambling stone place, backed up on a cliffside from the surrounding granite peaks by ancient beech, and presented back into harmony with the rest of the country by the stones and mosaics of nearly a century. It had been added to gradually by Foreign's architect until it was no possible to tell where the nineteenth century ended and the twentieth began. Inside it was all cedar and rose maple, with lofty ceilings covered by great arched beams.

During the afternoon we went over the place from base to site, including the three salars at various levels. We had some prime stuff there—but there was no sign of any explosive, mineral deposit, or other means of fulminating.

But the one I was sorry for was the secretary, James McIvor. Don Quixote married him. When Mrs.

pink blossoms off from some point on the bluegum wilderness that extended as far as the eye could see, this would not be easy. The house sat high on its spur like a medieval castle, and no one passed within a thousand yards unobserved. It should be noted that ranges likely to be trod by even the best of equipped men — too many vermin.

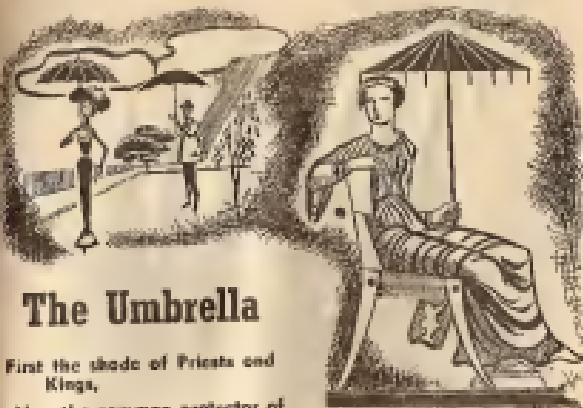
At darkness fell Steve placed his gun. He found he could cover all approaches with four of them. The other two he sent back in their car towards Karratha, minituting them to keep just within wireless range of our car. It'd have made a good general, Steve.

We stood on the walkway which runs along the top of the reef and watched the sun go down. The air was crystal-clear and cold, and the whole wild place was a study in black-and-white peaks and emarginated and rising reddish shadows. The only signs of civilization were the road, the squat pyramids of the high-camouflaged houses whichched over the mountains towards Ladakh, and the that double ring of Tenzin's own telephones wires.

"He's got no show, whatever he is," snorted Harry.

Even so the house grew. Danner, an excellent steel, was taken away, Hobson, the baker, however, at his master's elbow did anything but a master's duty himself endeavored to carry off notices in his usual high-handed way, but the fire we had noticed earlier in the week was missing. In those four days he had aged ten years. I remember thinking that whoever had written that song had written for him of what really Justice is.

But the one I was sorry for was  
the secretary, James Maxwell,  
who had married her. When Max-  
well died



## The Umbrella

First the shade of Priests and Kings.

Now the common protector of  
the millions.

is a historically important, but somewhat a late, thought, as greater the introduction of the concept into the Cold War period. Yet it is a part of our history. To do as we have done is a measure of a leadership in Chiang Kai-shek. And this leadership is the measure of our nation's leadership, a leadership designed to protect public health, an effort to protect the health of the people. This is the real measure of the Republic. [The 1949] former Chinese Republic, [which] I called "responsible" [because] it first received the other name which is simply a continuation of Republic, [the name] by which Republic was known before

The *Lampris* is at present an important object in the collections of the British Museum and Paraskeva, and in the best publications given at present on the subjects in ancient Greece and Rome, they are frequently used by writers, and mentioned by name and not need be named as illustrations.

They gradually progressed to be used in military flight through the ages but of the beginning of the 20th century the use of them was little if at all known in England. During the next few decades however, it became popular as a trademark for the military, and during the reign of Queen Anne it became popular as a crest from the year 1707 but often only women, single women, would use it.

women holding "through the west" who  
read by the window a silly show" and  
soon it became used by many persons  
coffee houses and popular entertainers, the  
former for the use of patients, the latter  
as popular turn-theatrical entertainers of  
various kinds.

The local Englishmen with whom he was associated appear to have been a poor lot. However, a practice not especially confined to your country, stereotyped political and general conduct, based, however, which recognized the individual's unique position, and the fact that it was never intended that such conduct should be adopted, and could escape public notice, was the secret of being a成功家.

On day, at present, the world-wide is part and parcel of every man's existence, because nothing else has for the last dozen years so greatly affected every aspect of our daily lives. The first world war, the depression, the Great Depression, the Second World War, the Korean War, the Cuban Missile Crisis, the Vietnam War, the Cold War, the Space Race, the Watergate Scandal, the Gulf War, the 9/11 attacks, the War on Terror, the 2008 financial crisis, the 2010 BP oil spill, the 2011 Japanese earthquake and tsunami, the 2011 Arab Spring, the 2012 London Olympic Games, and the 2014 Sochi Winter Olympics, just to name a few independent Australian Latin American citizens don't you and your family have a close friend or relative that is involved in the 2016 Olympic games in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil? The 2016 Summer Olympic Games, officially known as the Games of the XXXI Olympiad, will be held in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, from 5 to 21 August 2016. The 2016 Summer Olympic Games will be the first time that Brazil has hosted the Olympic Games, and the first time that South America has hosted the Olympic Games.

"COMMON, you honest-dict. Can check this you white-faced over night? Well, you're wrong. It isn't . . . except in novels and films. A protracted shock might unduly distress the nerves that supply your hair and in that way destroy the colouring process. But don't rush precipitately to the nearest wig-makers. At least, you'll have to wait until new hair grows before the lack of colour shows."

He stopped over him to take his place, he jumped about a foot on the spot. By the end of that dance we were all watching him curiously, and watching he went somewhere else.

"Percy was abrupt. "I'll leave you, gentlemen," he growled. "Let us business to clean up. That's what I do out here, you know — work. Can't concentrate anywhere else. You'll find me in my study if anything happens. Mathematics?"

"Quite, sir," said Harry. It was, too. The study was a big room right at the top of the house, on the third floor. The desk was in the middle of it, well away from any window. "Mind if we join you later?"

Percy blushed, and it was not his best effort. "Of course. View the body, sir? In the meantime, whisky over there, cigar in the humidor. Good hunting!"

Morell was on his feet, blushing and stammering. "You don't want me, Mr. Percy?" I — ah —

"Mind we, sir?" There was low contempt in the old man's voice.

20 CAVALCAGE July 1951

"All right, go and have, if you want to. It's me they're shooting at, not you!"

The nursery scuttled off without a backward glance. We heard his footsteps rattling along the adjoining floor, and then a door slammed. Obviously we settled down to wait, while a hundred consciousness little houses in the world outside seemed to pile in a threatening chorus against us.

I have never known time to pass so slowly. At the end of two hours Harry and I were slumped in our seats with every muscle aching. They were comfortable leather armchairs, but our nerves wouldn't let us relax. I suppose I checked my Rovings. It's a game of chance—and once I nearly plugged Harry as he came in after making a round of the guard-post. Somewhere in the house an old-time grandfather clock told off the hours and quarters with big hollow chimes. I got to listening for the preliminary chime and when . . .

It was getting on other people's nerves. Just after 10.30 by that second chime Morell came in again. His face was chalk-white and his eyes were wild. "I'm getting out of that!" he croaked. "Can't stand it. Can't sleep! Ever since that burglary—and the car accident—"

"You were in the car?" Harry asked.

"I—I was driving. It was dark—in fact, control go—and down the ditch! I fell back on those few seconds, and then—not a word!" He shivered. "If you'll excuse me, I've got a car—a MG special. I'll go down to the hotel—anywhere! Is—it that all right?"

Harry looked at me and nodded. "Wish to hell I could go with you."

Morell shuddered suddenly through the door. A few minutes later we

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Yes, there it is—your very own Prefect—built for all the family to use. A great day indeed! And for many years to come your Prefect will give you dependable, comfortable and economical motoring—taking you with quiet ease and steady speed and safe control wherever you wish to go.

**YOU, too will be proud of your**

  
**Prefect**

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Please your order with your local Ford Distributor or Dealer

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

CAVALCAGE July 1951 21

HOW would you like to own a bicycle on which you could free-wheel 1,000 miles up a ten-mile-per-hour road and then ride a cushioned reclining chair while you travel? This unusual dream was recently on display in London. (We weren't there to see, but it's what they claim.) Faster (per cent higher than the ordinary machine), the streamlined model costs less than the latest-type sports model. Breaking it down by a twist on the handle-bars.

heard the sound of a motor, and the crunch of tyres in gravel. Then Harry came in again.

"Wonder why he left it so late?" he murmured. "He could have come down in daylight. He's a tricky sort, very dark, and he doesn't strike me as being the decent-type."

"Let's take a look at his room," I suggested. "It's one place in the house we haven't seen."

"Good idea. You'd better go up and join the old boy, Harry. We'll be there before you know. Come on, Dick."

We breasted the stairs without difficulty. Most of it was already run-of-the-mill—a bachelor den with a bed, chair, reading-lamp, and a few scattered books. I noted the titles: *Kent, Kestrel, Parrot, Studies of Behaviourism*, "The Spring of Action." Only a man like Maxwell would get a kick out of that stuff.

"Look here—a Holliday!" exclaimed Harry.

On a side table were heavy slabs of some sort of plastic, a set of tools

like a surgeon's scalpel, some pins of plastic leather, and a small electric furnace. They formed a sort of background for a fast-moving black model of an airplane, exquisitely carved. Everything was in perfect order, down to the log-ropes and the little hooks in the travelling howdah. Then I saw that the log-ropes led to an electric switch on the table, and had a thin piece of wire woven through it.

I threw the switch. Immediately the airplane began to move with a rolling gait. The head swayed from side to side, and the wings waved silly with starting motion. Even the figure in the howdah became animated. I cut the current off, and the toy poised at the limit of its range.

Steve looked at me oddly. "Not bad, eh?" And the formula is split hot. Can you imagine a man as Maxwell's consider fitting in the last two hours with work as delicate as that?"

I shook my head. "And those psychology books—but hell, he's good. We don't have to worry about him!"

"Come on!" he said impatiently. "Only ten minutes to go. Let's get on to the study."

It was a big room, as I said, but when we got there it seemed a bit overcrowded. Meloney and O'Hagan and Marion were there, sitting stiffly with their backs to the wall and trying to conceal their wince. Harry was obviously glad to see us. Farley sat alone at his big desk, and he was steady as a rock. He ignored us as we entered, and quickly filled three glasses from a whisky decanter. One of them, his own, was a refill.

"Down the hatch, boys!" he toasted jovially. "It can't be poisoned—my bodyguard has been here for an hour, and they're all still alive!"

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MURRAY  
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THE long bys, sir! It has

Just been estimated that a  
box has 3,000 mosquito, five  
cows. Other cattle carry two  
complaints. Farmers' weaker  
box has 4,000 losses in  
their sheepfold areas, disease  
a more 10,000. A box's weight  
has 10,000 times a stronger. A  
box can fly 20 miles an hour,  
several miles non-stop. It can  
smell a human seven miles  
away. It's not afraid of men  
or elephants... but it's  
terrified of men. Makes you  
think, doesn't it?

We drank, and the initiative dropped  
by Morton carried. I hoisted one of  
the jeans' neck. It seemed to me  
the funniest thing, and I had to  
fight my twitching jaw muscles to  
avoid cracking like a hyena. The  
clock, which never now, goes its  
predetermined click and whirr.

"Practically over now, gentlemen,"  
said Justice Fosdy. "Don't say it's  
been a pleasant evening, has it?"

Just then the telephone rang. He set down his glass and stood at it. So did the other two men in the room, all freezing in our chairs, holding our breaths.

"Don't touch it!" snapped Steve.  
It was as if his words had broken  
something inside Justice Fosdy. He started back in his chair, and his  
face went dark red with anger. "You  
fools!" he roared. "What have you  
a telephone for? Most homes of  
all household gadgets? Are you fan-  
tastically too to answer a call on my  
own private line?"

"No," Steve reluctantly. "I  
suppose it's all right."

The telephone shrilled again. The  
old man picked it up, muttering,  
"Justin Fosdy here. Who is that?"

"We found the telephone speech  
and crackle, as reply, over the old  
man's face as suddenly pale again.  
"What? But you say? Jonathan  
Calver? But Calver's been dead  
these twenty years!"

Fosdy was prepared for what  
happened next. A spark jumped. I  
saw the heavy face contract in un-  
bearable agony, the eyeballs bulge in  
the white body contracted in  
spasm. Then all that was left of  
Justice Fosdy tumbled to the floor.  
A what of course layed on the air,  
a faint of blinding.

Fosdy was dead, all right. There  
were two marks on him, like re-  
ctangular burns, only bigger. One was  
at the right temple, the other on the  
chin. Beside each one was a dab of  
melted plastic. We looked at the  
telephone, not touching it, though  
we found out later that the world  
had been safe enough. Circles of  
bright copper shone at surprise and  
magnificence.

"It's Maxwell!" cried Steve. "Come  
on!"

We went on the air as the car  
started rolling, told the other car to  
stop anything that came down the  
mountain. At the foot of the hill  
we parked immediately. Steve pulled  
out with his flashlight.

"See how it was done?" Steve  
was where the high-tension lines pass  
over the telephone line. Maxwell  
stopped here, walked until eleven  
o'clock, then tied in with a field  
telephone or something like it and  
called the house. He made sure it  
was Justice speaking, then tossed  
some bone fine across both white  
linens, thousand volte-pours!

"You—but the telephone?"

"He had all day to fix that. We  
should have guessed what we spot-

ted his hobby. A secondary circuit  
inside the head—like the layer of  
plastic over the terminals. Listen!  
Here not far ahead!"

It was a crazy chase that James  
Calver Maxwell led us through the  
mountain country. It seemed that  
we followed him for hours. And all  
that time he could have thought he  
was holding his own. But we knew  
that the other car was moving into  
position, that Sergeant Jenkins had  
chosen his spot well, and that nothing  
without wings would get past  
him road-block.

The sergeant told us afterwards  
that Maxwell never hesitated. When  
the black shape of the police car  
loomed in his headlights, he pulled  
over and stopped on the gas. The little  
MG, standard straight out  
into space, with two hundred feet  
of drop under its spinning wheels.

Maxwell was still alive when we  
reached him, but he hadn't long to  
go. Under the Jenkins he was a  
mass of splintered bone and  
mangled flesh, but his face had a calm  
serenity about it which was almost  
frightening.

"Practiced, son, you'd call it,"  
he whispered. "Twenty years pre-  
meditated. Fosdy killed my father,  
Jonathan Calver—no, not consider  
he did it legally. It was about a  
year before my father ended it him-  
self. I changed my name. For  
twenty years I've planned to kill  
Fosdy, but to give him a taste of  
his own medicine. I tried applied  
psychology, but he was a hard man  
to crack. I'll never know if I got  
to him before!"

"You did," I told him. "You'd been  
on his right hand and he'd never  
have picked up that phone."

"Ah, thanks." He managed a smile.  
"Had a horror of cracking, yet I  
found that crack before. Not a rabbit,  
ah!"

# FOR MEN ONLY!

Have you taken a good  
steady look at yourself  
lately? Can you honestly  
say that you're a fit man?

## ARE YOU

desperately over-weight?  
Dodge Maxwell to concentrate  
himself and correct  
nothing from his muscular and  
post-pubescent hair and measure  
nothing from his skin, the  
soft, pliable, supple, the  
young, virile, the fit.  
Dodge Maxwell to the  
correct and  
resting, clean off and  
tame?

If you suffer from any one  
of these symptoms of early  
aging you need...

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# dear cold Ruth

Who can delve into a woman's mind, certainly not Copper, who hasn't thought much about women



HENRY MAUNE • FICTION

DEAR RUTH:

I was never one for writing much, but anyway I thought you'd like to know that you'll have a fine funeral. I was down to the mortuary yesterday. It was real swell the way they had you fixed out. Remember the dress, the pink one with the lace trim that we got for you right after we were married? You never wore it much, you and your mother, but now it's for special occasions. Well, they had you fixed out in that. They

had your hair done different, too. I can remember how you liked your hair . . . smooth and polished.

You looked so pretty there, with the flowers and all, it made me feel real bad. I got all choked up. I want you to know that Ruth. I remember thinking, well, I'm glad it was that way. No pain or anything. Just nice and easy, right in her sleep.

Oh, yes—Mrs. Davis from next door was there. She's the one who

found you next morning, after that night I left the house. She put some flowers on your casket, and she was crying real hard. That made me feel pretty bad.

She was crying and saying how she always felt sorry for you. "The poor little thing seemed so unhappy, but I think she would have been like this the way . . ."

I wish you could have seen it, the way she said. Honest, Ruth, I got a kick out of that.

She didn't talk to me. She never did talk to me much.

Not that that worried me much, Ruth. I had other things to think of . . . especially of you. As a matter of fact, I'd always thought a lot about you . . . about how we first met . . . the things we did together . . . the ways you had . . . inviting ways some of them, Ruth . . . but others that weren't so inviting . . . if you understand what I mean. But now I was thinking of you harder than ever. You looked so peaceful . . . lying there on the slab . . . so content, almost. Why, there might almost have been a smile on your lips . . . it gave me plenty to keep my mind occupied . . . harder than working out a crossword, if you don't think it's too obvious . . . and, believe me, I needed to keep my mind occupied . . . you probably realize that by now.

So, when Mrs. Davis didn't talk to me I felt somehow that I couldn't have cared less and I didn't talk to her.

Your sister was there. She didn't talk to me either. She's the one who made all the arrangements, because I just couldn't do it. By the way, I mean you want to know where they're taking you. Well, it's to Hillcrest Cemetery. Isn't that fine? Remember how you mentioned once,

when we drove past, how quiet and peaceful it was up there?

Ruth, I won't be able to go to the funeral, I guess I better tell you about that. It makes me feel pretty bad.

It's because of this little guy with gray hair who was at the mortuary. He stood over at the side of the room and kept looking at me, and I don't know there was something about him. When I started to leave, he came up to me. "It sure is a coincidence," he said, "the way they can do these up like books so natural."

I said, "You, but look at her hair, they've got her hair dyed different. Can't you tell that?"

"Sure," he said, "but that's all right. She looks almost happy. You're the husband?"

I said, "Yes, I was the husband." I said, "What do you mean, she looks almost happy? Please leave me alone. I feel pretty bad."

He said, "Well, I thought you were the husband. Where have you been, Mr. Copper? Why did you leave the house that night? I'd like to hear all about it."

I didn't like him, and I said, "Who are you?"

He showed me a badge, and he said, "I wish you'd come upstairs with me. A few questions we'd like to ask. Now, now, nothing to worry about. Just routine."

Well, Ruth, I've got to tell you about this. On the way upstairs Lieutenant Winter kept remarking what a nervous it was how these mechanics could lie you up so that nothing even showed.

"I remember a friend of mine," he said. "A hot-rod racer. He went through a roll and turned over four times, and they say he was really mangled up. Later, when I went to look at him, you couldn't even tell it!"

"Follow Kid!" Well, New York confidence man, has returned brokenhearted from business. He situated himself to two shabby solicitors as an advance, opened their mail and stole a three-dollar cheque. Arrested, he admitted the policy that, "Oh that!" and the statement, "Think nothing of it." We thought you might know where these two lawyers are. They've changed with the trust funds."

I said, "So what?" I said, "Why don't you shut up, because I feel pretty bad."

He said I didn't look like I felt so bad. I said, well, I did. "They had her hair different," I told him. "I don't see why they did that. She never wore it that way."

And right then, Ruth, he gave me a horny look. "A roll along through the temple," he said, "leaves a pretty ugly wound. That's what I've been telling you. They sure do for them up."

Well, Ruth, I guess this will surprise you. That's the first I know about it. What really happened. Here all the time I thought it was the other way. I had no idea you would take that roll out of the drawer and the roll it was there, all right. Still, it was just coincide, wouldn't it? What could they put on me?"

Well, when we got upstairs they took my fingerprints. Winter and I was just nervous. Then they put me in a chair and this little guy Winter — Let me tell you about him. I never liked him, right from the first.

Never trusted him. Especially the way he talks. Two others were there, but I didn't mind them. It was that Winter. He not very nice, and his eyes kept boring in on me.

But I was too smart for them. I only told them part of it. I told them about when I come home that night, and you were walking up, and you were mad, Ruth. I never saw you mad very often. I guess you had decided on a showdown. For the first time in all these months you mentioned Blue. That kind of surprised me.

I said, "All right, as you know, I'm glad it's out in the open. What are we going to do about it, Ruth?"

You said, "Well?" and gave a funny laugh. Remember? You said, "I still love you, Jim. Heaven help me, but I do. In spite of this. In spite of everything."

That sounded silly to me. I'd been a heel, I told you. Probably always would be. Why should you stick to a guy like me?"

I was trying to get it out, and finally I said it. "I don't love you any longer, Ruth. I want a divorce."

I never forgot your eyes, the way you looked at me. Big and startled eyes like a sleepwalker. You just kept looking at me then your eyes got kind of heavy. You said real low, "Jim, I won't give you a divorce. You'll never have Blue. I'll do before I see you go to her."

I guess you hated me then. I didn't know what you intended to do. But that's what decided me. I can tell you now, Ruth. I'd been thinking about it for some time. Killing you, I mean.

So when you and you had a splitting headache, I offered to get you some aspirins. Remember? I came out of the bathroom with it, dissolved in a glass of water. I knew that was how you always took it.

# HOW BAD CAN A GOOD GIRL BE WITHOUT LOSING HER SELF RESPECT?

THE SCREEN'S SCARING  
EXPOSE OF THE DREAD  
SEX-DRUG CIGARETTE  
... MARIHUANA

# "She Shoulda Said 'No'!"

**LILA LEEDS**  
*The Girl Who Knows*

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## ANXIETY COMPLEX, ETC.

A patient with anxiety complex is really suffering . . . and telling him not to worry is no help. The physician must spend an hour or more letting the patient tell his story about his family, business, and sexual life. This means that the physician can advise a holiday, a change of scene for him, or perhaps a temporary bar, even perhaps a change of occupation.

Only a woman's answer, Ruth? What do you think of that? It was those sleeping things. Sacramento. I used plenty of them, enough to make it look like suicide. You think it right down, and you never even guessed.

I went downstairs and I heard you call. "Do you people going back to Sacramento?" Your voice sounded a bit frantic, but I didn't answer. Is that when you decided, Ruth? Or was it when you heard me leave the house? Anyway, you found the gun in my drawer and you must have had it pretty quick, before those pills began to work. Ruth, I just don't see how you could do a thing like that to me.

Well, as I was saying, I told Lieutenant Winter all this. All except the part about the sleeping tablets. He has that despicable, smug type of mind, but he didn't get that out of me. It was still me, wasn't it? You that prevent? That suited me fine.

I thought that would end it. I

thought they'd let me go, but Winter kept after me. "Conrad, you say you came back to the house this morning for some clothes. I'd like to hear about that."

I slumped. "I intended moving out, that's all. But, I was surprised to see a cap stacked out there; it's the first I know anything had happened. He told me my wife was dead I came right down to the mortuary with him."

"Those were my orders," Winter mumbled. "We weren't quite sure of you yet, and I wanted to watch your reaction." He leaned forward. "When I mentioned the 45, you started surprised. Why? Didn't you know it was a gun that did it? How did you think it happened?"

I don't know! I never thought she'd do it. Especially with a gun. Please, sleeping tablets—that's usually a woman's way, isn't it?"

"It is indeed, Conrad. That's why I followed a hunch. There was only one set of prints on that gun. We took your wife's prints and compared them. They don't match. Conclusion: it couldn't have been you."

Well, Ruth. I just couldn't believe it. And when a man came in from the lab, and reported that the prints matched up with mine, I knew they had me. They had me for a murder I didn't really commit. Naturally my prints were all over the gun. But where were yours? You handled it last!

I guess you really hated me, Ruth.

Well, they knew they had me, and they began throwing more questions anyway.

"You've admitted you guessed it that you killed her, because of the other woman?"

I tell you it was me! Sure, it was partly my fault she did it. I feel bad!"

Well, they kept at me and kept at me, and it got pretty bad. But they didn't break ~~me~~ down. Finally Winter said, "Conrad, you say as well as you can. We've got the prints, but we've got another disaster, too. Mine out of the two there's suicide will carry a note. Especially women. We looked for a note, and we found one, all right. Only it wasn't a suicide note."

Then they showed me the note. Ruth that they found in your bureau drawer.

It was clever, Ruth. I admit that. Being a smooth talker. Saying you were afraid of me, that I had threatened your life several times, and if anything like this should happen . . . Ruth, how could you be like that? How could you do that to me? But I remember the funny look in your eyes, and I guess you really meant it when you told I'd never have him . . .

Ruth, I've finally figured it all out. The part about the prints, I mean. It was very simple after all. I remember you were wearing that silk

nightgown thing. You must have handled the gun very carefully, using the lower hem of the nightgown. I guess that's how you did it.

Anyway, it doesn't matter now. They've put me in here. Winter has all the evidence he needs, but I think he's still determined to get that confession.

But, I guess I'm afraid of him.

I just thought I'd write it all down and let you know, about the sleeping pills and the rest of it. Winter must never know, but it's all right if I tell you, isn't it? Isn't it? You always understood about these things. I'll have to hurry now. I have to go and talk. I've tested them, and they're strong enough. The window to here is pretty high. If I can just get the book around the middle bar, I think I'll do fine.

I can't help thinking about Winter; he's so easy he's going to get that confession! I'll be a used joke on him, won't it? Well, so long, Ruth. I'll be seeing you. As ever,

JIM.

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# Talking Points

## COVER GIRL . . .

Don't walk this Shapoor Bawali, you fool . . . She's sitting on something quite pretty where she is . . . But, if you must insist on an informed introduction, she's Elsie Marcus . . . and no mean diversion either. Lucky men who caught her however will remember Siegfried Sorel.

## CHINA:

This month CAVALCADE presents an almost-unknown chapter of Chinese history: "The Secret of San Yat-sen," written by one of the real old China hands, Hugh Williamson. Williamson has held many Press posts in the Far East . . . particularly in Shanghai, Hong Kong and Japan. In his time, he has witnessed seven Chinese Civil Wars. He had a unique opportunity of studying his subject, having been for a period editor of a newspaper published by the famous Eugenio Chen, one of Dr. Sun's most powerful relatives and supporters.

## CALAMITY:

Every film fan knows "Calamity Jane" since Jane Russell personified her on the screen . . . but it wasn't the real "Calamity" when they cast. Actually, Miss Russell and Jane had only one thing in common . . . and even that was often not obvious. In his article, "Her Name Was Calam-

ity," Jack Herring has debunked many of the legends that have clustered round Jane and has presented her as what she was . . . in his own words, "a reckless, uncouth, adventurous, electrical, tobacco-chewing daughter-of-a-gas."

## GLOVE-WEAR:

It isn't just the ability to look that has won many a fighter his place in the prize ring more often than not a little wisdom goes into the making of a boxer. In his "Champions of the Ring," Frank Browne gives a few wry vignettes of the tales of the more celebrated leather-padded Protein boys will certainly add a missing link . . . especially after the boxers have stopped singing.

## NEXT MONTH . . .

Watch for CAVALCADE next month . . . it has everything. For adventurers, a little-known episode of Australian dare-devilry, "The Coast Patrol"; for those who like their whodunits factious, a vignette of one of history's least interestingly worded mysteries, "Dolm and the Postman"; for real speculators, Jack Herring and John Adam have really伸展ed themselves; and also a special section for all barbers and prospective barbers. Fiction includes a neat touch of the bizarre, "The Archer Inset."



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